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CONTENTS FOR APRIL 19, 1948

5 The Week:
6 The Forgotten Italy
8 Palestine Muddle
9 Foreign Policy
10 The New Party Meets
11 Henry Wallace's Column
12 Hoffman's Heavy Load
14 Better Houses for Vets
15 What About Stassen?
19 Prague Today
22 Books
26 Radio
27 Music
28 Correspondence
29 Movies
30 Theater
31 Bandwagon

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE 1939 DOLLAR now buys only 44 cents' worth of food. Its average purchasing power is around 60 cents. Thus, all life insurance, government bonds and cash savings, all widows' mites and workers' retirement funds have lost 40 percent of their value. And the buying power of the dollar is still shrinking.

The war scare has moved the spotlight off inflation. But it's still there. In fact, foreign aid and rearmament programs are making it zoom. At the present rate, a federal deficit looks likely in 1949. President Truman estimated a budget surplus of about $4.5 billion. Congress, however, has just voted $6 billion in foreign aid, a $5 billion tax cut, and will certainly approve $3 billion in additional military expenditures—probably more.

While the average man's purchasing power is going down, corporate profits are going up. The National City Bank of New York tabulates reports of 3,102 corporations in all lines, and finds that their net income after taxes in 1947 jumped 37 percent over 1946. The average return on book net worth rose from 9.5 percent to 12.2 percent.

President Truman's veto of the tax-cut bill, on April 2, was one of the strongest messages he has written. We honor him for not yielding to vote-catching expediency in this predicament. Republican leaders announce they will boost taxes again if the need becomes evident. This is tantamount to saying that if the car has an accident, they will repair the brakes.

No more agonizing problem has faced Congress since the war than the necessity of making up its mind on the draft and universal military training. Congress has been beating its breast about preparedness for months and there is no reason to doubt its sincerity. It was bad enough to vote dollars for foreign aid. Now, however, it is a question of men not dollars, and this, too, right before an election.

This really makes the unfortunate legislator squirm. Every instinct is to find a way out, a compromise. At first a huge air force, regardless of expense, seemed the answer. But it turns out this would take a lot more manpower, too. The present prospect is that (a) UMT won't be voted; (b) a stand-by temporary draft bill will be passed, but few if any men will be called up—at least not unless some crisis develops; and (c) billions more will be thrown into mechanical equipment, including airplanes.

With the Nebraska and Wisconsin primaries out of the way, a new political appraisal is possible. There are indications that in so far as the GOP choice offers a mild liberalism, the voters prefer it. Turgid, grandiloquent, unbelievable MacArthur, backed by Hearst and McCormick, took a licking in Wisconsin, and all the political experts were wrong. Only the voters were right.

But here another factor comes in. The weakness of the Democrats influences the Republicans. The GOP bosses are confident they'll win anyway. Stassen looks to them like a radical one-worlder, Dewey like a dangerous global planner. If Truman is the opposing candidate, even Taft can carry New York this year. The Democratic split plays into the hands of the most reactionary Republicans.

Big, blue-eyed Stassen, six-foot-three and 200 pounds, only 41 years old and a strong member of the US team at the San Francisco United Nations Conference, has been in many ways the most attractive of the GOP candidates. He showed courage in his uphill fight and considerable open-mindedness. He seemed to be groping for new solutions to old problems while let-

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ting sleeping Republican dogmas lie.

But Stassen himself is a curious mixture. He has an almost mystical belief in capitalistic free enterprise and doesn't seem to be able to distinguish between British socialism and Russian communism. He would have made Marshall Plan aid to Britain contingent on halting steel nationalization.

Stassen objects to repealing the tax on margarine. He would outlaw the Communist Party—a step which the FBI rejects and apparently even the Thomas Un-American Activities Committee opposes. Stassen would throw out progressive income taxes at the point where they take over half a millionaire's income—it is "un-American" to take more, he is reported as saying. This is the young man whose views appear dangerously "radical" to the GOP leaders who will probably select the Republican candidate this year, whatever the primaries may say.

One of amiable, energetic Paul Hoffman's first headaches is applying rigid loyalty tests to the staff of his big foreign-aid program. This problem comes just as the Thomas committee goes into eruption again.

Hoffman had better watch out. The FBI has checked 1,400,000 government workers, with 400,000 still to go. Now several thousand ERP men must be added. The law apparently makes Hoffman personally responsible for each one. Only trouble is, the FBI needs funds and will have to lay off men in July. Obviously Thomas ought to be called in with a private Gestapo, and authority to throw anybody in jail.

Notes: Congress now seems heading toward repeal of the margarine tax. . . . Navy Secretary John L. ("Subs-off-the-coast") Sullivan last week awarded the coveted Distinguished Public Service Award to William Randolph Hearst. . . . John L. Lewis tells friends he is out to show up the Taft-Hartley Act; that remains to be seen. . . . Senator Capper (83) is seeking renomination in Kansas; backers say he can get it, too, "if they can keep him out of the state."

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

VOLUME 118, NUMBER 16, ISSUE 1742, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 19, 1948

THE WEEK

GOOD OLD GEORGE

Harry Truman is turning to his old friends in his time of trouble.

As desertions from the President's cause have mounted, George Allen has again become a frequent White House visitor. The shrewd Mississippian, who doubled as court jester and intimate adviser until his financial dealings brought discredit on the Administration, has come back at a time when the President most needs a loyal arm to cling to.

For some time now, there has been no white-haired boy in the White House circle. Clark Clifford and John Steelman are still on hand to help out on specific administrative matters, but they always bring with them into the presidential office unpleasant problems and decisions. And neither of them knows anything about politics, which at present is on the top of Truman's mind.

Democratic Chairman Howard McGrath and his assistant Gael Sullivan, who are supposed to handle political matters, are scarcely notable successes from Truman's point of view. They have continually urged liberal appointments and progressive policies. Today most liberals have either already come out against Truman's nomination or are threatening to do so. And McGrath and Sullivan can't even get near enough to the enraged Southerners in the party to discuss getting together again.

But the Southerners will talk to good old George Allen, who is one of them. If anyone can get them back, the President feels George can. Unofficially, Allen is taking over this part of McGrath's job. Later on, his assignments may cut still farther into the national chairman's territory.

At the moment, good old George appears to be busy just being a good friend to his presidential friend in need. At the proper time, some of those who know how Allen operates believe he may actually produce reasons why Truman should step down in favor of General Eisenhower, who is another Allen protégé.

IKE TO MEET JOE?

Some talk is being heard in Washington nowadays that General Eisenhower would be the ideal man to meet with Stalin and discuss the problems of Russian-American relationships.

The reasoning is that the Russians seem willing, even anxious, to participate in some kind of world settlement, but are wary of having truck with President Truman or any Republican Party leader during a presidential year. A Big Two conference, they fear, might be turned into a sounding board for domestic US politics. Furthermore, any agreements reached might be repudiated by the next incumbent of the White House.

Designation of Eisenhower as the spokesman for all parties and factions in the US would be understandable to the Russians, who have already met him in negotiations. Of course, it would be necessary for Eisenhower to take himself out of the presidential race even more definitely than did his New Hampshire statement. But those in Washington who have been thinking about this idea—and they include Senators Lister Hill and Alexander Wiley and Representatives Helen Gahagan Douglas and Francis Case—feel that if Eisenhower could bring about an understanding between the US and the USSR, his achievement would be so great that it might outweigh any personal political ambitions he may still cherish.

Wisconsin Wit

OVERHEARD last weekend in the bar of the National Press Club in Washington:

"Washington correspondents are now divided into two groups—those who went to Wisconsin and those who were right."

"The Wisconsin results put Dewey back on top of the wedding-cake."

FOR A BIGGER AIR FORCE

The initiative in shaping US military strategy has passed, at least for the moment, from Secretary Forrestal's Defense Department to Congress. This shift took place when members of the House temporarily shoved aside UMT and Selective Service to give their attention instead to the size of the Air Force.

Congress thus was going over the heads of the Joint Chiefs, who, at their Key West strategy meeting last month, had agreed on balanced sea, land and air forces, including a 55-group Air Force. That was smaller than Congress' own Aviation Policy Board had recommended, and congressmen were certain that General Carl Spaatz, Chief of the Air Staff, had not received all he wanted at Key West.

So they set themselves the task of righting the matter. By increasing the size from 55 to 70 groups, they would be giving the Air Force all that the top brass had asked in committee hearings and in testimony before the congressional and Finletter commissions.

Both the congressional and Finletter

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reports made valid cases for emphasizing airpower in national strategy. But in going whole-hog for aviation, some members of Congress undoubtedly were hopeful of getting off the hook about the draft. Such will not be the case, however. A huge Air Force will need more personnel. And the Army, which provides many ground services for the Air Force, will also need more men to keep up its end of the defense establishment.

Even though congressional strategists plump for airpower, they will not have solved the still knottier problem of manpower, an issue that is particularly plaguing in an election year.

ON THE SHELF

Ambitious plans of the Arabian-American Oil Company for a trans-Arabian pipeline are now being shelved on the orders of two of the industry's best friends in the Administration, Secretaries Forrestal and Harriman.

Forrestal previously thought so much of the pipeline project that he was willing to oppose partition in Palestine, and jeopardize the future of the United Nations, to guarantee its completion. Now the oil companies have been refused export licenses for second-quarter steel allocations for the project, due to have been granted in April.

Long-time foes of the oil lobby claim that credit for this reversal of policy should go to Senator Wherry's (R, Nebr.) Small Business Subcommittee, which has been fighting Forrestal and Harriman on this particular question for the last year. Actually, the pipeline project seems to have been put on ice indefinitely for deeper reasons of military strategy.

Secretary Harriman's export-policy group concluded that we could not afford to send 480,000 tons of precious American steel to Arabia unless the Defense Department could guarantee that this investment would continue to pay off in supplying oil even in case of war in the Middle East. The same amount of steel put into the construction of tankers, the Commerce experts pointed out, would be a mobile asset in any case. Tankers could be removed from the battle area and transferred to the South American oil trade if necessary. The vast expanse of the projected trans-Arabian pipeline could not possibly be defended at every point along its way.

The export-policy group ruled against granting the license the oil companies wanted until a further study had been made—and until Secretary Forrestal had specifically given his okay to the project. Thus put on the spot, Forrestal had no choice but to support the view of the world emergency he himself has been urging so strongly. The experts of his Army-Navy Petroleum Board had repeatedly told Congress that we could not count on Middle Eastern oil as a reserve in case of war. Now Secretary Forrestal had to side with them against the Arabian-American and other oil companies.

But the oil lobby has not quit. The companies expect to receive an allocation of 52,000 tons of steel to complete a short pipeline to the Persian Gulf.

What they want next is a federal subsidy for the construction of new tankers to carry the oil from there.

PICKETED

Fifteen stories down from the *New Republic* offices in New York City, a little circle of placard-carrying pickets marches every day from eleven till two. They represent the Industrial Workers of the World, and they are picketing the *NR* in protest against the article on Joe Hill by Wallace Stegner in our issue of January 5.

Joe Hill, as Stegner pointed out, is the Wobblies' great hero who was tried for murder in the state of Utah, found guilty, and executed in 1915. The Wobblies contend that Hill was an innocent victim of capitalistic revenge because of his work as a leader of labor.

Stegner wrote: "As for Joe Hill, I think he was probably guilty of the crime the state of Utah executed him

THE ITAL

Beneath the headlines of a world power struggle live all-but-forgotten people. The workers' settlement of Tiburtino in Italy is an example.

Last October, Henry Wallace and Michael Straight visited Tiburtino with an American social worker. They described its plight in the NR, and two readers were moved to send in money for CARE packages. These were forwarded to the social worker, who took them out to Tiburtino a few weeks ago. Here, taken from a letter, is her account of what happened.

I FEEL I must report on my delivery of two packages to Tiburtino, though I do so with very mixed feelings. It was quite an experience.

A friend took me out in his car, and of course once I got there I could not remember where the house was which we had visited. I asked some of the women who were standing in the doorways gossiping (for there is spring sunshine now) and they immediately showed great interest and did their best to identify the woman I was describing.

I started going from one row to the other, led and surrounded by a little legion of children, all with their own ideas of where the woman with nine children and a young baby should live. It soon became the neighborhood project to find this woman, and the people shouted at each other, asking questions, making suggestions, trying to find her.

I realized at one point that I must be in the wrong spot, that perhaps we had gone with you to another block of that settlement, and was thinking of going on further, when the disaster started.

As I was walking back to the car, I heard the wailing of children. A group of women were excitedly ministering to one of their friends who

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THE POLITICIANS FORGET

was lying on the ground, rigidly unconscious. Some of the others were crying, and one was holding a child bellowing with all its strength, the baby of the unconscious one.

Bit by bit the story came out. The woman, with her husband and two children, had arrived late one rainy night at the house of a family living in Tiburtino. They had been evicted, had no place to go, and no one to turn to. They had no money and the man was unemployed.

The woman who had taken her in talked to me in a loud voice, gesticulating and telling me that she could not refuse this little family, but it had meant that she, her seven children, her husband and the other family had only two beds to sleep in. Now she was pregnant and could not go on sleeping under such crowded conditions, so she had told the other woman that she must go, that they could not continue like this. This announcement had caused the fainting, but all the same, what could she do?

The younger woman was beginning to regain consciousness; her face was blotched with red spots, her black hair hanging in strings, wet from the water they had sprinkled her with. The older woman kept up her harangue of self-justification. What could she do? She had asked for a larger house, had borrowed money to pay a 4,000-lire deposit toward it, but it did not come through. Couldn't I help? What was there to do?

I could see that if I gave a package to the woman who had fainted, the other one might keep her a while longer. She would at least have something to bargain with, something that would make her a more welcome guest. So I told them that since I could not find the woman I was looking for, I would give them one of the packages; I thought I would make one more try to locate our friend and give her the other package.

I walked back to the car and as I got in it, more and more people came up and surrounded it.

The friend who had come with me now arrived, rather breathless, followed by ten or fifteen women, all asking for something. He had been inside a house and found such conditions that he had given 5,000 lire to the dejected mother. The news had spread, and before we could close the car doors, we were surrounded by a mob, all stating their pitiful cases, all asking for money.

My friend was unable to refuse. He pulled out his money and gave it all away, many thousands of lire, and the people struggled and pulled, even tearing the bills in their eagerness to grab them. I had no money with me and did not think, anyway, that I should give it under the conditions, so I asked for names and addresses, which I am sending to you, hoping that you can do something.

Several times we started the car, but could not move for the mass of people who were hanging to it. Finally one man came up and helped to clear the way. We drove off with four or five people hanging on, and the mass behind running after us. We stopped to shake off those clinging to the car, and the fastest of our rearguard caught up with us and attached themselves again. The man who had shooed the others off arrived panting, jumped on the car and insisted we give him money.

This went on for a mile or more. We would stop, ask the people to get off, and acquire more before starting off again, terrorized by the approaching mob. As we still had the other package, we let those who were with us at the moment take it and divide it among themselves. Finally we cleared them all and started back for Rome. We never found the gray-haired woman with the nine children.

I shall not forget the dignity and friendliness with which they first received us, the disinterested help they wanted to give us, and then the sudden breakdown, the scramble, the loss of all dignity because of their desperate need and the possibility that we might be able to give them a little relief.

They are completely disorganized, and are abandoned to themselves, a few miles out of the Eternal City, in the shadow of the dome of St. Peter's.

They do not even think that they can organize, or achieve anything by doing so, so deep is their distrust of all authority and government.

I do not know if I shall ever have the courage to go back to Tiburtino. Should another package arrive I shall again try to find our woman. But it would be a tiny drop in that sea of need. I just wonder whether it would be possible to find an American community which might adopt Tiburtino?

There is no doubt as to the desperate need of these human beings, all large families, with many children, with obvious signs of hunger on their faces. And there are thousands more.

Where is the American town that will adopt Tiburtino? One hundred and eighty-five towns have already taken such action, helped by Operation Democracy, Inc., with which we are in touch. Meanwhile we shall be glad to forward more CARE food packages to Tiburtino, and to see that they are properly distributed. They cost $10 each. Checks in any amount should be made out to the New Republic.

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for, though I think the state of Utah hardly proved his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt."

Several defenders of the martyr interpretation of the Hill case, presumably Wobblies or their friends, wrote the *NR* protesting the Stegner article, and we printed a column and a third of extracts from these letters in our issue of February 9, with a reply by Stegner. The IWW complain that we did not print additional letters received after this material had gone to press. They say sternly, in a handbill which the pickets are passing out, that "all liberal and labor elements which investigated the case at the time have always believed that Hill was innocent. Only reactionary capitalist forces have taken the opposite view."

Although the Wobblies have not communicated directly with the *NR*, they have told newspaper reporters the picket line will be maintained until this paper publishes a retraction and apology. Since, as Stegner pointed out, no one can now say with certainty whether Hill was guilty, the situation looks like an impasse.

PALESTINE MUDDLE

A SPECIAL MEETING of the UN Assembly will convene at Flushing Meadow, April 16, to hear a US spokesman defend an indefensible position—namely, the somersault of the US on Palestine partition.

Presumably, the US will get its way. If it does, the session is likely to have at least two results:

US moral prestige in Europe and Latin America will dwindle as the State Department seeks to explain and justify its reversal.

The public will be given incontrovertible evidence that the United Nations is actually run by the United States. (While the US delegation attempts to hamstring the USSR by limiting use of the Security Council veto, we shall demonstrate that we are the only nation powerful enough to force through partition and then to compel a Special Assembly to revoke its own decision.)

Against this background of default, the US will display its new Palestine solution: trusteeship, a system which the UN, like the League before it, has used to sanction existing colonialism.

Presumably the US proposal is based on the assumption that the British will remain, on some basis, after May 15. If the US proposal is not based on the supposition that the British will remain, the plan would be completely unworkable, because of lack of time and a shortage of competent administrators.

If the plan is based on this assumption, it will guarantee more bloodshed and may necessitate an even greater number of troops than partition would have required.

This special assembly must decide whether US power is so great that it can dictate solutions to world problems in terms of its own foreign policy. If US power is that great, trusteeship will be approved. But who will administer it—the US, the interested Arabs, the British, a combination of states, or the UN itself?

If individual states administer Palestine, how are peace and an ultimate solution furthered?

If the UN becomes the administrator how will the immediate vacuum be filled, how will a governor-general be selected, how will the decision be enforced—in short, will it work at all?

And always, behind these matters lies the question of American and British motives. Will Soviet expansion be checked by trusteeship? Will US influence in the Middle East become stronger? Or is this an attempt to delay—with certainty that participants on both sides will be butchered in the meantime—until Jews and Arabs are willing to bow to US strategic and economic interests?

HOOLIGANISM

Two incidents marred a visit of presidential candidate Henry A. Wallace to Indiana last week on a speaking tour. In Indianapolis, his party was turned away by hotels after the State Adjutant General had made a statement denouncing him. At Evansville, an effort was made by a crowd of demonstrators to stop him from speaking to an audience in the Coliseum, and three persons were injured.

C. B. Baldwin, Wallace's campaign manager, was struck in the face. Clifford Welch, a national field representative of the Wallace organization, suffered a black eye and a cut forehead. An usher was slugged in the face. The three were hurt while trying to keep out a crowd of pickets, estimated by the local police to number 2,500.

HOT TIP

As a special service to its readers, the New York *World-Telegram* last week advised them how to prepare financially for the coming atomic war. "Even though there is general chaos, some people will fare better than others," cautioned Lawrence Fertig, special writer on economic affairs. His hot tip for atomic investors is copper or lead mines: "Their valuable ores are under the ground and cannot be destroyed by atom bombs."

On second thought, Fertig admits, copper even in the best mines would be of little value if the industrial machinery which fabricates this metal and the distribution machinery which allocates it are severely crippled or smashed. However, he comes to the conclusion that "ownership of shares in such a mine would certainly be worth more than ownership of a demolished plant or a wrecked business."

Runner-up for atomic investors: oil-producing properties, good farm lands or cattle ranges.

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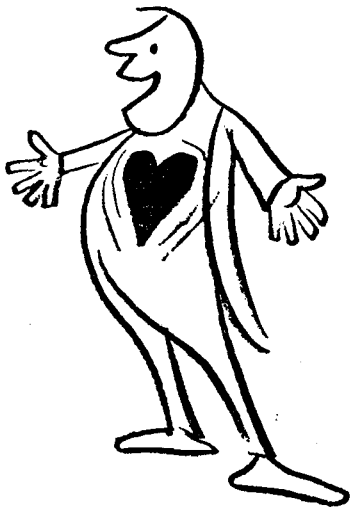
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

A brief review

Puzzled observers often point out that American foreign policy—set by a Republican Congress, a Democratic administration, and three different Secretaries of State since 1945—is sometimes confusing. The *New Republic* therefore publishes Robert Osborn's simple presentation of the matter in order to clear up the question once and for all.

1.



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CHURCHILL AT FULTON

3.

ONLY WE HAVE THE BOMB

4.

LEND-LEASE, UNRRA, CHINA AID AND ERP

5.

THE VETO MUST GO

6.

THE COLD WAR

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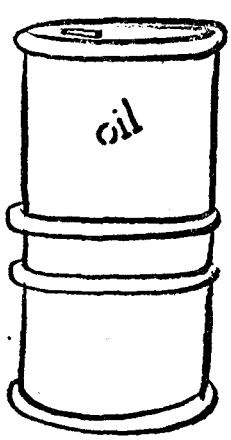

PALESTINE

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DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN

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The New Party Meets

by Helen Fuller

CHICAGO

THE NEW PARTY has raised its sights. Ten million votes seem so clearly in view to the Wallaceites that they have decided to try for 20 million. The mood of the 400 leaders from 42 states who made up the Chicago conference of the Wallace-for-President Committee was optimism almost unbounded.

State after state reported that the legal and other difficulties have been largely solved. The Wallace-Taylor ticket is already on the ballot in California, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and party managers are confident that legal requirements will be met in most of the other 45 states where Wallace-for-President committees or units of the New Party are in formation. The date of the New Party National Convention has been set for July 24-25, in Philadelphia, after the major-party meetings, to give reluctant liberals one last chance to get on board after getting a look at the other candidates.

The Wallace-Taylor forces are now free to concentrate on electing a progressive Congress and winning new support for the party. Most of the delegates came to Chicago to learn the best ways of doing both.

In his opening speech, Wallace's national campaign manager, C. B. Baldwin, gave the delegates the yardstick for measuring congressional candidates. They were all "appalled" by the overwhelming support ERP had received in Congress, Baldwin said. But that should not be considered alone. "We cannot and must not judge any sitting congressman by any single vote," but "there are certain conditions that should be met if a candidate is to receive our support. We must be convinced that he stands firmly for peace —for support of the United Nations, for the full rights of organized labor and unequivocal support of the constitutional civil rights of every person living within our borders—and let me add that this means genuine equality."

A candidate can be judged acceptable, Baldwin went on to say, if these conditions are "implicit in his record and commitments," even though he has made no direct pledge to the New Party. "There may be situations where it will not be feasible to oppose candidates who do not meet these conditions, because of a lack of local organization. We must be ready to admit tactical superiority. . . . "

Local leaders can read their own interpretation into these general specifications. In Illinois, the Progressive Party has since nominated two of its own members to oppose Professor Paul H. Douglas and Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidates for Senator and Governor. In California, chances are that the Independent Progressive Party will finally decide to support Representatives Helen Gahagan Douglas and Chet Holifield even though they voted for the Marshall Plan and refused the IPP endorsement.

Money and methods in congressional elections were as eagerly discussed at Chicago as policy. The special divisions in the National Wallace Headquarters worked out plans for campaigns aimed at women, nationality groups, youths, students and veterans. The state leaders clamored for more of the funds available to be spent in the field, less in the national office, if necessary. Northern states like Pennsylvania and New Jersey offered financial assistance to less well off Southern states such as Georgia and North Carolina.

The third-party leaders are confident that their plans will work beautifully —unless Eisenhower is nominated on the Democratic ticket. They want no part of the General—or of any other substitute in sight. "Mr. Truman is not the issue. . . . The substitution of another servant of [his] policies will not affect our desire to give the people a real choice." The delegates at Chicago asked each other, hoping for reassurance: "Truman will still be the nominee, don't you think?"

Ordinary opposition won't seriously disturb their campaign. Henry Wallace affectionately addressed his followers as "battle-scarred veterans." They had taken plenty and would take more, he told them. The riot at the Evansville rally a few nights before was fresh in the group's memory. The delegation from Oklahoma had told of being stopped and searched by the highway police as they left their home state.

What fear there was in the convention was not of such physical tests— the members expect more, and rather relish the prospect. It is the subtler intimidation that alarms them. How much support will they lose from incidents like that with the Pittsburgh *Press,* which featured on its front page the names of the local citizens who signed the petition to put Wallace on the Pennsylvania ballot? (The convention was told that 20 of these signers had already been called in by their employers to repudiate their action.)

The state representatives drew strength from listening to each other at Chicago, from the pep talks, the overflow mass meeting in Chicago Stadium (20,000 attendance) and the thought of the record-breaking collection (for Chicago) of close to $60,000 during the three-day session. The test of their leadership is waiting for them back home where the third party's choices for Congress are now to be made.

Failing Health

THE STORY New Party delegates liked best was about Henry Wallace and the Hearst reporter. For several days, reporters for the Hearst organization had been asking Wallace if he wasn't feeling pretty bad. When a strapping, six-foot Chicago *Herald-American* man barged into his suite to ask, "Is it true that your health is failing you?" the athletic Mr. Wallace lost his temper. "I can walk the legs off you or any of your friends any day," he challenged. "Or what about a little Indian wrestling right now?" It was Wallace, six falls to none.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Terrorism at Evansville

THE REAL TERRORISM at Evansville (see page 8) was not the action of hoodlums trying by force to break up a meeting, but the action of President Lincoln Hale of Evansville College in firing Dr. George Parker, professor of Bible and Philosophy. Professor Parker's sin was that he presided at the meeting at which I spoke. He was exercising his right as a citizen to work for peace in the best way he knew.

Looking to the future of our nation, I am much more concerned with the yielding to hysteria by timid college authorities than with the acts of violence perpetrated by little people whose passions are inflamed by bigots.

At the beginning of my speech at Evansville I said that we must not blame the boys who were banging at the door, but rather the press, which had done its best to stir up hatred. After the meeting was over, George Parker, who was to be dismissed from his position two days later, said to me: "Mr. Wallace, I notice you blamed the press for this unseemly performance here tonight. I wonder if we who are in the teaching profession do not have our share of blame."

Poor Parker! He takes the Bible, Christianity and democracy seriously. Anyone who does that in times like these is in for trouble. The men of reason, courage and charity, who ask, "Why should there be war?" will continually be challenged by the men of violence and hate, by those who sit smugly in positions of authority.

Two things concern me about the rough methods used by the opposition at Red Hook (Brooklyn), and Evansville, Indiana. The first is that this may be part of a continuing pattern which is being operated by powerful interests which have certain definite objectives in mind. Second, and far more important, is the endeavor to drag the leadership of the New Party down into the gutter of unreasoning, hateful violence—knowing that if this is done, our message of peace will never reach the people.

But I do not believe that a pattern of violence is going to be established at all New Party meetings. Both Red Hook and Evansville have a special history behind them. In both places, the local labor-union members in our group knew by sight many of the hostile pickets. At Evansville a small number of older men were directing the violence of the youngsters. At both Evansville and Red Hook, I was delighted to see how level-headed was the leadership of our friends in preventing a single act of violence on our side.

If Red Hook and Evansville were organized by the same people, it may be taken for granted that they hope, by action in two areas especially favorable to their cause, to establish a type of attack which can spread by contagion elsewhere. I have too much faith in the United States to believe that they can get away with it.

Parker, and the members of my party, were not the only victims of the Evansville hoodlums. The speech I had prepared for Evansville was another victim. The story of the evening that was put on the press-association wires became "violence," instead of "public ownership of the aircraft industry." I had a carefully reasoned presentation which I wanted to get out to the people of the US. The violence at Evansville obscured that message.

The heart of my speech was as follows: The government should own those branches of the aircraft industry which depend for profits on production of military planes.

During the six years from 1940 to 1945 inclusive, the aircraft companies made, after taxes, an average of 100 percent a year on their prewar invested capital. Ninety percent of the wartime capital expansion for these concerns was furnished by the government. Government money—a government market—a sure thing. The wartime experience of easy profits has spoiled these big concerns. Their profits now depend on large-scale construction of military planes. Irresistibly, therefore, they push for large-scale appropriations for military airplanes. These aircraft manufacturers have their warm allies in the Armed Forces.

If the war crisis can be deepened, the aircraft companies may get from $5 to $15 billion of new orders during the next year or two. If the Finletter Report is carried out, the sum may be greater than that.

The only way to protect peace and the public interest is for the government to take over all companies making military aircraft, on the basis of what has been spent for actual private investment, not on the basis of what the government has poured in.

If we are to have peace, we must draw the fangs of the war makers. We must remove the drive for profits, which leads private interests to urge more armaments and warlike actions. The time has come to take the profits out of war and the threats of war.

The cost to the people of purchasing these plants will be a tiny fraction of what they will cost us in the future if we leave them in private hands. If we eliminate the profits from the production of military aircraft by vesting their ownership in the people, we shall have eliminated a major drive toward war. I believe that the program for military aircraft will be scaled down by billions of dollars when the generals lose their profit-seeking big-buiness allies.

Henry A Wallace

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HEAVY LOAD FOR HOFFMAN

ERP's newly appointed administrator has one of our toughest jobs; it will take plenty of grit and wisdom to rebuild Europe

by William Walton

PAUL HOFFMAN will need all his courage to face the monumental problems ahead of him as administrator of the European Recovery Program. And he has a lot of questions to answer.

How can the needs of the National Defense Program be meshed with ERP? How can US productive capacity be expanded to meet all the demands? How can inflation be kept from ruining ERP? How can regional and industrial self-seekers be warded off? How, in short, can a bold, imaginative plan for helping Europe help itself be made to come anywhere near success?

Hoffman also has inherited some powerful foes. One of the most formidable is inflation. As the British found out sadly when some 30 percent of their loan melted into the air, the ERP administrator is bound to end up with less buying power than the $5.3 billion authorized by Congress, even if the full appropriation is finally approved. Economists charting the course of inflation predict our dollars will shrink another 10 or 20 percent in 1948. That means Hoffman will lose from $500 million to $1 billion without buying anything.

Unfortunately ERP purchases of short commodities such as farm machinery, steel and nitrogen will, within narrow limits, contribute to inflation by forcing prices higher. But that boost will be minor, compared with the spiraling already under way.

Another drag on ERP is the pork-barrel philosophy so common among congressmen and industry. Already the flour millers, shipping interests and dried-fruit kings have been successful in writing their special restrictive clauses into the ERP bill. For instance, shipowners and the National Maritime Union (CIO) joined in lobbying through a stipulation that American ships must transport at least 50 percent of all ERP supplies to Europe. This will increase transportation costs some $450 million.

The flour millers, working through Senator Clyde Reed (R, Kans.), were equally successful. They pushed through a provision that not less than 25 percent of all wheat shipped to Europe must first be made into flour. This regardless of the fact that Europeans extract 85 to 90 percent of the food value of wheat in their milling compared with the 72 percent American millers extract. And Europe would like to do its own milling in order to keep European mills working and make the byproducts available for its own poultry and livestock feeds.

Other successful logrollers were Senators Barkley and George (tobacco), Knowland (citrus fruit), Aiken and Magnuson (apples), who managed, among themselves, to lop off several millions in ERP funds for greedy constituents. And Hoffman can be sure that this is only a sample of the pressure he would be under from special interests.

But logrolling and inflation, however deplorable, may pale beside the conflict which seems inevitable between ERP and the National Defense Program. A look at the requirements listed by the 16 Marshall Plan nations in Paris reveals how many basic needs overlap. All Europe is short of finished steel, pig iron, scrap and iron ore—the very sinews of industry which will be necessary to our own war plants whether they are manufacturing planes, warships or arms for the infantry. All Europe needs the electrical equipment which we too will need to expand war industries. All Europe is short of nitrogen (which we manufacture in converted munitions plants), short of trucks and farm machinery (which we make in plants convertible into war factories) and short of the freight cars which we ourselves need so badly.

When ERP and the National Defense Program both get rolling they are likely to crash head-on. So far no governmental machinery has been set up for determining priorities. The new administrator, who has cabinet

"Vigorous Citizen"

THE NEW Administrator for Economic Coöperation, Paul G. Hoffman, is a Republican choice, picked by Senator Vandenberg and his Foreign Relations Committee. Washington knows Hoffman as a vigorous citizen who, as chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, has taken a middle-of-the-road position on most controversial issues. As a member of the President's Committee on Foreign Aid, he played a constructive role in shaping the Marshall Plan program. He supported maintenance of trade relations between Eastern and Western European countries, the retention of export controls for allocation of scarce commodities, the necessity of providing the means for reconstruction as well as relief, and for leaving each country free to decide its own form of government.

There is cause for worry, however, in the position Hoffman has repeatedly taken in favor of economic revival of Germany, and in his proposal for a Marshall Plan to rebuild Japan. Undersecretary of the Army William H. Draper, a leading exponent of the Strong Germany and Strong Japan philosophy, called the signals at the press conference where Hoffman announced the Japanese plan.

How Hoffman will function as a government administrator is the big unknown, and perhaps the most important. He is new to bureaucracy and the "channels" of this kind of operation; he will have to learn fast to get up the quick head of steam the situation demands. Hoffman is probably set for four years in the second toughest job this country has to give.

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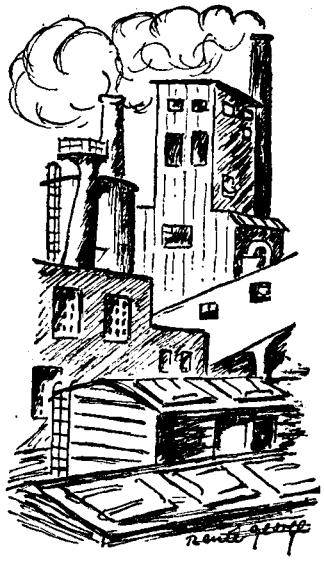

rank, will probably have to fight out his battle on that level.

But in the long run the answer is not a system of priorities, no matter how complex or fair. The answer lies in the nation's need for greatly expanded capacities for producing steel, power, farm fertilizers, oil, transportation equipment and freight cars, to mention a few. The simultaneous conjunction on the national scene of ERP and the National Defense Program makes the need obvious, despite the conventional arguments that expansion would not be profitable.

Despite his big-business background (president of the Studebaker Corporation), Hoffman may soon find himself in the odd position of recommending that the federal government go into one or more of these basic productive enterprises. The steel industry has thus far withstood all pressure to expand capacity. Now Senator James Murray (D, Mont.) has prepared a bill authorizing government steel plants if private industry fails to expand by 10 percent within a short period. Murray may eventually get a new ally.

These are some of the unfortunate forces that the ERP administrator must cope with at home. Abroad, the picture is better in some respects. Fortunately the administrator, who must start from scratch in building an organization to run the American end of European recovery, will find in Europe useful organizations that are already functioning. Both the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) and the Economic Commission for Europe (ECE), in operation as arms of the United Nations, are certain to be helpful because they have been dealing for more than a year with the exact problems which face ERP.

Least publicized is the ECE, which in its Geneva headquarters has the advantage of including both Marshall and non-Marshall Plan nations. The ECE's function is to locate shortages and surpluses of such things as steel, timber, coal or ball-bearings, and then to match up a surplus in one country with a shortage in another and arrange for an exchange. While many UN organizations must keep a global viewpoint on all matters, the ECE is able to adopt a purely European and practical approach to such matters as finding timber for coal pit-props.

Already the ECE has reported that the industrial output of Europe, excluding Russia and Germany, has reached the 1938 level in the third quarter of 1947, a feat in which the ECE played a key part. But the commission, including as it does non-Marshall Plan nations, will be even more valuable to the ERP administrator as a means for reviving East-West trade on the Continent, a prerequisite to a sound European economy. Though all Europeans agree on this necessity, the ERP bill as it emerged from Senate-House compromise looks askance at East-West trade, though it does not absolutely forbid it. Instead, the administrator is given discretionary power to limit such trade by withholding shipments of goods that might go into the manufacture of other goods, which in turn might be traded behind the iron curtain.

It can be seen that the administrator has incredible power. His economic and social attitudes toward such matters as national ownership and the various degrees of socialism now practised in Europe will, in large measure, determine the success or failure of ERP. These attitudes, backed by American economic might, will have a lasting effect on Europe's economic pattern.

In the immediate future the recovery program will operate on two levels. While the new administrator is recruiting his staff, organizing his procurement program and discussing aims and policies, the State Department will carry on interim aid. Europe could not get along without it. The US could not afford to let the supply pipelines to Europe dry up. For this the RFC has allocated $1 billion.

To get things started, the State Department must first exchange "letters of intent" with each of the 16 nations. These are to be followed by permanent bilateral agreements, in which recipients of American aid promise to stabilize their currencies and balance their budgets as nearly as possible. They must also make available to the US what strategic materials we need.

Such treaties are, of course, minor matters compared with the day-to-day and month-to-month agreements that must be thrashed out by the ERP administrator and his staff concerning specific investment projects for each nation. The needs of each nation vary. The supplies of cash and commodities will be stringently limited. To meet even the immediate requirements of Europe, the economy of the US will be strained and stretched at points where stresses are already apparent and where only some constructive reforms will prevent a breakdown.

The new administrator has a job cut out for him.

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CONSCIENTIOUS COUNCILMAN

by Joseph P. Lyford

BALTIMORE

WHEN THE BOYS got back from overseas and began asking for houses, some Baltimore building contractors didn't quite understand what was wanted. Perhaps they figured that veterans who had spent four years under pup tents and Quonset huts would be satisfied with anything that stood up and had a roof. Anyhow, they put together some houses and said, "Here they are, fellows—your new homes—come and get 'em!"

The vets have been griping ever since. Now it looks as if they are really getting somewhere in their fight to force the builders to toe the line. They've had some excellent leadership in their campaign, mostly from a big-shouldered ex-second lieutenant named Bill Muth, age 37. Vice-president of the Baltimore City Council, Muth is a one-man veterans' organization in himself.

Muth got into the building controversy because he thought that as a councilman and former GI, he ought to help out some veterans in trouble. He had a comfortable apartment of his own, so there wasn't any personal reason why he should have felt his collar heat up last July when a group of vets claimed they had been jobbed by some Baltimore builders.

The vets suspected that their recently constructed $8,000 and $9,000 homes did not meet specifications according to which the builders had been granted priorities on materials. But they couldn't prove a thing because the specifications themselves were nowhere to be found.

So Muth took himself and his low-boiling-point collar over to a telephone and called the Veterans' Administration. The VA said to call the Federal Housing Administration. The FHA said cozily that there was an office rule that Muth couldn't see the building plans. Talk to the loan association which is financing the houses, said the FHA. The loan association referred Muth back to the VA.

Muth did not get dizzy in this revolving door. Instead, he met with a representative of the Office of the Housing Expediter, who quickly produced the necessary specifications and reported that approximately 90 homes on two streets lacked gas ranges, screens and screen doors, and had shingle instead of slate roofs, and galvanized instead of copper spouting. The OHE added that 64 houses were a foot too narrow.

Then things began to happen. The OHE investigator talked of criminal statutes, and in less than a week the builder agreed to rebates totaling more than $50,000. Norman Goodman, reported the newspapers, would get $1,900—including $286 in lieu of a gas range, screens and slate roof he didn't get; $304 for the missing foot of house; and $500 which he had paid in excess of the ceiling price.

This initial victory didn't start a Muth-for-President boom, but it did make him a favorite son among Baltimore veterans. He began to hear complaints like this: As far back as 1946, West Baltimore vets had been claiming that their $7,000-$7,850 homes had warping floors, underwater basements, oddly shaped doors and windows, leaky roofs and discolored woodwork.

All this made Muth more determined than ever to bust the housing bottleneck. He spoke almost nightly, and often so vehemently that the newspapers sometimes did not report what he said. But his more restrained denunciations of the builders did find their way into the press. It helped keep the fire going.

The City Council passed some resolutions. Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro Jr. ventured that maybe it would be a fine idea if somebody checked up on possible building-code violations. And the American Veterans' Committee protested to the Department of Justice. Meanwhile Muth called on the FBI and the District Attorney, and wrote a report to the Justice Department. Nothing happened.

Finally, after the number of complaints had soared to 2,000 cases and a vet charged that a builder had left an entire room out of a house, Muth's collar burst into flame, and he called the White House. Still no action. Last February Muth buttonholed Attorney General Tom Clark, and persuaded him to put the FBI on the case.

Simultaneously with Clark's move, Judge Herman Moser, of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, told a grand jury to make an investigation; then on March 1 the vets informed the building-loan associations that they would pay no more on their notes until the alleged building defects were corrected.

Two week later the grand jury indicted the former municipal buildings engineer, two building inspectors and five members of a building concern variously on charges of conspiring to violate the building code, malfeasance in office, fraud and obtaining money by false pretenses. And that, suggested the state's attorney, was only the beginning.

Bill Muth concurs. He is going to concentrate on finding ways to prevent similar housing messes from recurring in Baltimore or any other place in the US. He thinks he has already found some preventives. In a report to the White House, he asks the government to allot $1 million to the OHE so that it can investigate without delay all veterans' housing complaints—and he stresses the phrase "without delay."

Two other suggestions, which Muth is urging on the city council, would cancel all construction permits of builders who fail to remedy violations of the city code and tighten up the license requirements for builders.

Maybe when he gets these recommendations passed, Muth will take a vacation. His friends in Baltimore think he deserves one. For someone who is only the vice-president of a city council, the ex-lieutenant has taken his responsibilities very seriously.

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PROGRESS OF A PRODIGY

Taking a firm Left-and-Right stand, Harold Stassen continues to puzzle liberals as he goes about upsetting Republican political applecarts **by Dale Kramer**

As IF the voters did not have enough on their hands, last week Harold E. Stassen had to make himself a red-hot presidential contender by tripping Tom Dewey and General MacArthur in Wisconsin. In the old days, when Stassen held aloft the banner of Wendell Willkie, the liberals would have cheered. Now they don't know.

Looking at Stassen, liberals see that on the one hand he stands for many policies which would qualify him for left-wing support. He is young (41), energetic and able. He has supported a strengthened UN, the St. Lawrence Seaway and a UN police force in Palestine. He was one of the first Republicans to demand large-scale foreign aid. He has been against isolationism and the traditional Republican high-tariff policy, and recently he rejected the support of "lily white" groups in the South.

On the other hand, Stassen is also on record as favoring the Taft-Hartley Act, the outlawing of the Communist Party in the United States, greatly lowered taxes for the top income brackets, registration of all American young men aged 19-25, a $3 billion tax cut, the reduction of federal land holdings, no compulsory rationing and price control, no wage (or price) rise in the steel industry and no shipments of machinery, machine tools or electrical devices to Russia. He is also against the industry-nationalization policies of Marshall Plan nations, a position which shocks the British Labor Party, weakens European Socialists and would make the Marshall Plan completely unworkable.

In Wisconsin, where Stassen made the useful political contribution of sinking the MacArthur candidacy, Stassen's tactics were equally confusing. He was the only candidate who took his ideas to the people. While Dewey lectured and MacArthur brooded in silent glory in Tokyo, Stassen invited, and got, questions from the voters in a campaign that went to the grass-roots. At the same time he sought and obtained the support of Tom Coleman's tough, reactionary Republican machine. He also ran well ahead of Hearst in whipping up hysterical anti-radical feeling.

In his recent book, Stassen had called for treating US Communists "without hysteria" and "with full recognition and respect for civil rights and liberties," adding that Communists gained when placed in the role of martyrs. Yet during the Wisconsin campaign he cried out for suppression of the Communist Party, a policy which shocked even Dewey. While he asked for a hundred-thousand-dollar ceiling on speculation in scarce commodities by any individual, he also appealed to his dairy-farmer voters by backing butter against margarine, despite the fact that low-income groups are hurt most by the high margarine taxes.

With MacArthur down and Dewey shaken, liberals leaned back and sighed, partly in relief and partly in puzzlement. Just what kind of liberal was this young man from Minnesota? In finding the answer, they weren't helped by such direct Stassen contributions to their confusion as his statements on food policy last fall. On September 13 he was quoted by the UP as criticizing Senator Taft's ill-famed "eat less" statement. On October 14, he told a Washington press conference that America should cut its consumption of vital foods by 15 percent.

The resulting confused opinion about Stassen among liberals is understandable. But his actions and seeming contradictions are seldom mysterious to observers familiar with the political pattern he set and the record he made in Minnesota politics. Part of the pattern was formed by the political moves he had made to become Minnesota's youngest Governor in 1938. More of the pattern evolved during his two full terms in office. (He resigned to go into the Navy during his third.) The pattern developed by Stassen seems to divide itself roughly into four segments: (1) desperate urgency to win; (2) forthrightness as a motif; (3) in-betweenness as a tactic; and (4) hard-boiled action.

It is plainly not a good pattern for the long pull, which is one reason why Stassen is not already far out in front for the Republican presidential nomination. His good looks and speaking ability are minor points of superiority. His grasp of a situation is swift, and he is an able handler of people. Above all, he is a masterful organizer and planner—as Dewey, Taft and MacArthur discovered at a late hour.

Stassen had the misfortune to capture the Minnesota governorship at 31. But while precocity was mainly responsible for the brilliant success which hardened his pattern of mind, there were extenuating circumstances. In 1938, the Farmer-Labor Party was coming apart at the seams after eight tumultuous years in office. Its great leader, Governor Floyd B. Olson, had died two years earlier and there were a dozen splits, big and small, in the party. But the GOP—the Democrats didn't count—was under the command of Old Guarders who had been repudiated many times. The situation called for an in-betweener.

Stassen was already enough of a skilled politician to recognize the need. Friend and foe agree that he was his own adviser from the first. "Stassen probably mapped his first campaign at the age of nine," one old acquaintance said recently. While still a Minnesota University law student, he helped his truck-farmer father manage the Dakota County (South St. Paul) Republican

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organization. On the campus he established the nucleus for a future statewide Young Republican group.

He was also experienced at getting in between. The district containing South St. Paul was the only one in which the Democrats were strong. Stassen hung out a joint shingle with a classmate named Elmer Ryan, who was a Democrat. They campaigned for each other. Stassen was elected county attorney and Ryan went to Congress.

When Stassen opened his campaign for the 1938 gubernatorial nomination —far ahead of anyone else—the general view was that he was building himself up for the future. Republican politicians, unaware of Stassen's precocious tactical ability and tremendous ambition, smiled indulgently at the try of wings.

First, Stassen needed some money. The solution of that problem was not difficult. No mildly promising Republican candidate ever lacks funds in Minnesota. As a glance at any geography book shows, the Mesabi Iron Range in the north is the world's richest, providing more than half the ore for the nation's blast furnaces. Minnesota taxes the ore, and naturally steel companies want that tax to be low. Farmer-Laborites had raised it. Also, the great milling, banking and manufacturing interests blasted the Farmer-Laborites for the growth of unionism. To raise a stake, Stassen had only to call on the party's financial backers and convince them of his safeness. He accomplished the task without trouble.

For his primary campaign, Stassen called on the Young Republican weapon he had forged while still in college. For years he had been active in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and that helped. He made a lucky find in a St. Paul political reporter named Joe Ball, who worked subtly but hard to create a favorable atmosphere. The Old Guard did not begrudge him these advantages. Even a few mildly deprecatory references would have gone unquestioned. But Stassen roughed it up. The Old Guard, he said, was selfish and perhaps matched the dread Farmer-Laborites in evilness. That hurt. Old Guarders muttered that Stassen would have to take a spanking. The only trouble was that he ended up with the paddle.

Stassen's fall campaign was equally skillful and his urgency even more apparent. With no other place for Republican voters to go, he was free to woo independents, Democrats —and Farmer-Laborites. He had a great asset in youth and freshness. Aware of a dearth of personal warmth, he pumped hands after every meeting like a minister at his church door. His use of semantics was brilliant. "We" substituted for "I" lent intimacy and a sense of crusade. The bold adjective "forthright" appeared more and more often in his speeches.

The crowd watches a young man's shining countenance and rippling muscles and does not look for gouging. Stassen did not stop with calling opponents "radicals." They were "radical racketeers." Before long they were not even Farmer-Laborites. And that led to as bizarre an episode as American politics has seen.

Floyd Olson, like Stassen, had been a big man physically and had won the governorship while young. People began to say that Stassen's voice reminded them of Olson's. They looked, and behold, the true banner of Floyd Olson was being waved by Stassen. Traveling along was a cast of disgruntled Farmer-Laborites, which was later paid off with patronage. Representative Elmer Ryan represented the Democrats in the pageant.

Stassen's ceremonious lifting of a dead opponent's emblem naturally stirred suspicions of a deep-lying cynicism. But that was nothing compared with the trouble the celebrated *l'affaire Cat's-paws* was to bring him.

Three key men in Governor Elmer A. Benson's administration were Jews —his secretary, his chief speech writer and the secretary to the speaker of the house. A whispering campaign ("Jew Communists are running the state") was already going full blast when the elegantly printed—but not GOP-signed—booklet, "Are They Communists or Cat's-paws?" appeared. The overtones of anti-Semitism stepped up the whispering campaign.

Stassen's friends nowadays put forward the defense that he denounced the whole scurrilous business, once it came to his attention. Opponents say the disavowal's late timing—just before election day—goes counter to Stassen's keen awareness of what goes on and the firm grip he keeps on a campaign. *L'affaire Cat's-paws* is looked on not as personal anti-Semitism but as one more example of Stassen's terrific ambition.

As it turned out, the poisoned knife was unnecessary. The big gap in the Farmer-Labor Party was never closed and only makeshift patches covered the others. The Wisconsin Progressives were licked by an Old Guarder. Elsewhere the tide ran against the New Deal. The only effective antidotes for Stassen's campaign would have been hilarious ridicule and scathing denunciation. With 99 percent of the press on his side, that would have required the satirical power and capacity for arousing moral indignation of a Franklin Roosevelt or Floyd Olson. No one like that was around.

And so Stassen's political pattern of hard-boiled action, desperate hurry, in-betweenness and forthrightness as a motif was set.

As Governor, Stassen moved quickly to annihilate the defeated Farmer-Laborites. A legislative inquiry failed to substantiate the campaign charges of "racketeering," but the press's headlines drove the poison deeper into the public mind. Old Guarders who once had planned to spank Stassen found that even after supplication they got little patronage. He built his own machine.

Financial backers of the GOP had, as all political people knew, bought a labor-curbing law. Blind reactionaries and their minions in the legislature favored smashing labor unions outright. Stassen, placing his effective bulk in between, worked out what his present campaign literature calls the forerunner of the Taft-Hartley Act. The major provision required a 10-day

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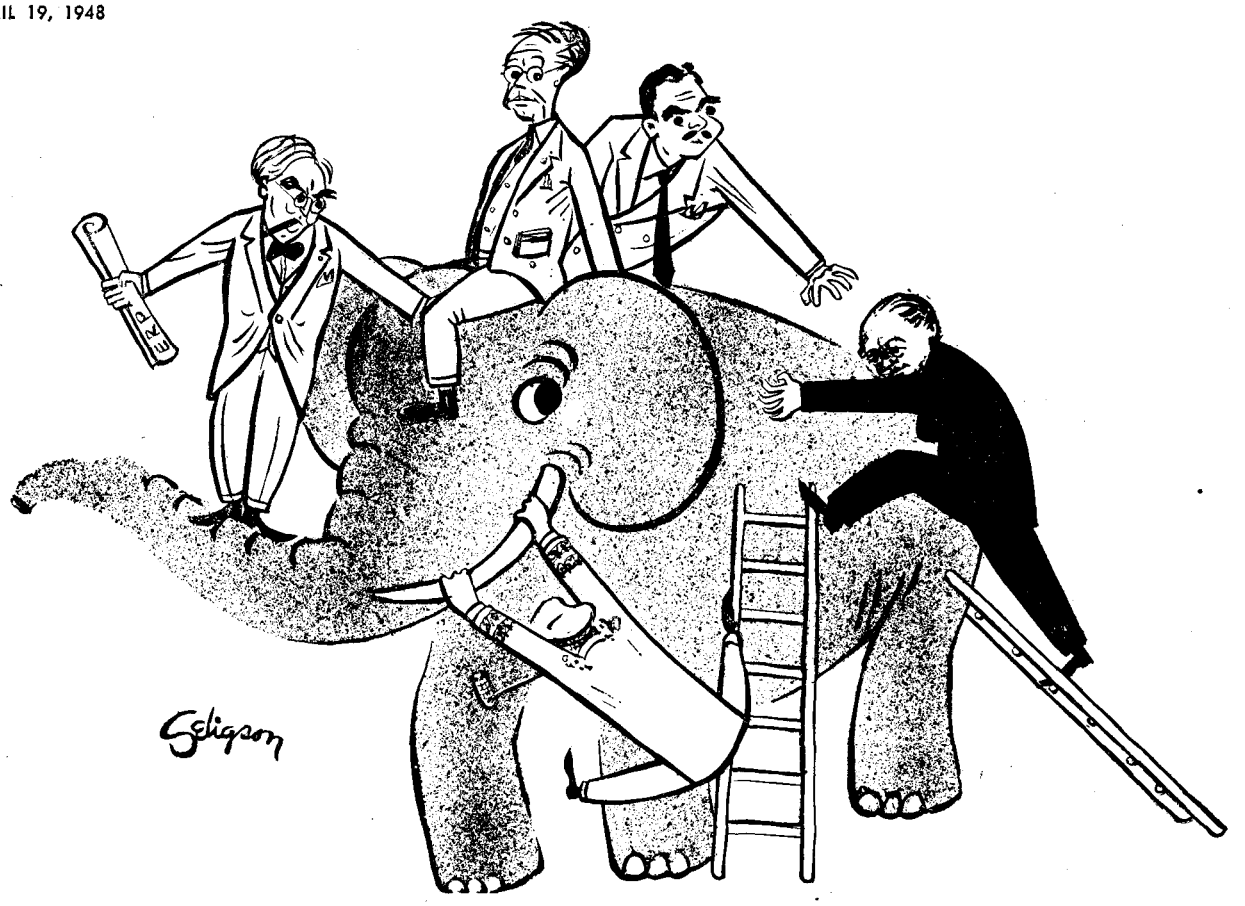

notice of a strike, plus a 30-day cooling-off period.

Once more Stassen had the bad luck to escape educational punishment. The epithet, "Stassen's slave law," did not stab deep because the Wagner Act was granting rights that labor had barely dreamed of a few years earlier. The war put a damper on strikes that might have tested both the law and Stassen.

During the campaign Stassen had been charged with receiving a $25,000 contribution from the steel interests. He had answered merely that no contributions with strings attached had been accepted. Farmer-Laborites naturally watched closely to see what would happen to the iron-ore tax.

The tax was reduced in a roundabout way. The steel companies were given a "labor credit" for using low-grade ore. Since high-grade ore has been giving out anyhow, the saving is enormous. John T. Lyons, a St. Paul manufacturer who contested the decrease in court, has figured that the tax in 1943 averaged 9.6 cents a ton against 18.4 cents in 1937. Under the Farmer-Labor plan the state would have received $12 million, compared with the $6 million it actually got. Chief losers were the schools. The tax was lowered further after each of Stassen's reëlections.

Good fortune dogged Stassen outside Minnesota, too. Any 31-year-old Governor would have been good copy for the national magazines. The idealistic-yet-sound Stassen was perfect. Anxious to make a show of youth and vigor, the GOP chose him to keynote its 1940 convention. His victory over the New Dealers had not escaped the men grooming Wendell Willkie to oppose Roosevelt. Stassen had shown courage by lining up with the internationalists, for Minnesota had strong isolationist sentiment. His acceptance of Willkie's floor leadership would, except for the perversity of the nation's voters, have put him in line for a cabinet post at 33.

In the Navy, Lieutenant Commander Stassen's executive talents ensured his success when he was given the job as flag secretary to Admiral Halsey in the Pacific. Some men of lower rank, it is true, did complain of Stassen's too great efficiency in administering to the Admiral's personal comfort, but Stassen didn't let war duties interfere with his career. While still in the Navy, he contended for the 1944 Republican presidential nomination with his customary now-or-never urgency. Joe Ball and others back home acted as front men.

Stassen was considered a follower of Wendell Willkie, bearer of the liberal-internationalist banner in the GOP and a candidate for a second whirl at Roosevelt. Willkie was amazed to find Stassen trying to wrest the banner from his hands. The New York *Times* gave Willkie's book, *One World,* to Stassen for review. Willkie thought the sharp criticisms exceedingly snide.

Each progressive step in Willkie's thinking had taken him farther from his most powerful supporters of 1940. He depended on the Wisconsin and Nebraska primaries to establish him as the people's choice. And Stassen, waving what he could tear off the Willkie banner, went into those primaries. Willkie lost in Wisconsin and was through. He began to describe Stassen

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as an extremely cynical young man.

Stassen's reputation rose to its highest peak, at least with liberals, during his service as a delegate to the United Nations Conference at San Francisco in 1945. He was still a strong exponent of Willkie's ideas and his talents fitted him admirably for the task. He was a tireless workhorse. He could quickly grasp various points of view. He was good at negotiating. Altogether, he was rated one of the top figures of the conference.

Stassen's last activity in the Navy, after return to duty from San Francisco, boosted his stock higher. His job was to organize the release of American prisoners of war in Japan.

Stassen's present campaign for the presidential nomination has fallen readily into the four major sections of the pattern established a decade ago.

Desperate urgency. By quietly building the reputation as a statesman which his United Nations work and the repetition of the term in *Time* and elsewhere had given him, Stassen might have brought about a draft of himself. The chance seemed too slim. Old associates recalled his fear of dropping out of sight. Vigorous activity had been a part of the early victories, and he felt surer of himself on the hustings. In Wisconsin his outdoing of Dewey in conservatism and his rivaling of Hearst in whipping up hysteria recalled his first campaign in Minnesota.

Forthrightness motif. Once a cliché gets imbedded in American journalism, it is removed with the greatest difficulty. Stassen's continuing skill in semantics was illustrated by the title of his recent book, *Where I Stand,* and by his ability to get a dozen variations on the "forthright" theme into a two-page foreword. Even the "unorthodoxy" of announcing himself as a candidate was an exercise in semantics. After all he had run in 1944—his expected announcement was merely ahead of the others. His shrewd calculation of the effect was shown in an answer to reporters who pressed for details. "I think," he said, "I am being unorthodox enough to tell you this much."

In-betweenness. Roosevelt taunted opponents for a "Me, too" approach. Stassen perfected a "yes, but" technique. Sometimes he uses the double "but." Thus he favors the Taft-Hartley Act; disapproves of its non-Communist pledge; but wants the Communists outlawed. He approves the Marshall Plan, but would not support nationalization policies.

He favors lower taxes for the little man, but an even greater reduction (up to 40 percent) for the big man. Government financing of housing has his support, but he wants private capital to reap a profit: "I insist that the real remedy is to provide more units so that those of lower income may find units being vacated by those of higher incomes," he states in his book. That apparently means he would not grant rental preference on public housing to low-income families.

Hard-boiled action. Senator Taft and the press observers were surprised when Stassen, considered somewhat of a beardless amateur, entered the Ohio primaries and a second look indicated that he might pick up some delegates. Taft even innocently called him in for a last-minute fatherly talking-to. Meanwhile Dewey was finding himself slapped out of his calculated silence.

Stassen's readiness to rough it up was best demonstrated when General MacArthur approved his name on the Wisconsin primary ballot. Stassen cut loose with a haymaker square at the gold hat itself. One of the major Communist plague spots, he said, was Korea, right in MacArthur's back yard.

But where the pattern fitted Minnesota 10 years ago, national politics in a new era strain it heavily. As usual, Stassen has curried favor with the great men of business while standing forth as the people's advocate. He has had some success. Harry Bullis, president of General Mills, is an open supporter. The rumor persists that Stassen has made friends with Pennsylvania's Joe Pew, grand knight of the medieval Old Guard. At any rate, Jay Cooke, long close to Pew, accompanied Stassen to Europe. A son-in-law of John W. Hanes, credited in Washington with being the political representative of the Morgan interests, headed up the open-forum campaign which Stassen tried to start a year ago.

Certainly Stassen has never lacked for money. A joke among political reporters is that while big business always interests itself in politics, Stassen is the first politician to have made running for office a big business. He travels in a chartered DC-3 equipped with a mimeograph and other accoutrements of a campaign headquarters. His numerous offices are well staffed. He has to live. Some income has been earned from the sale of magazine articles, but even that is a residue of the campaign. An enchanted biographer in *Life* estimated his private income last year at $42,000.

Contributions to a nomination-seeker do not go on the legal record. The big ones, especially, arrive by devious channels. But a couple of public remarks by Stassen indicate his campaign riches. In reply to a query from Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan, he said Minnesotans are financing one-half his campaign. Later he said 7,812 of them have given an average of $27 apiece. Doubled, the total comes to a little less than half a million. That was early last February. Conceivably, on his own figures, Stassen will spend a million dollars trying to get the nomination.

And yet it is exactly in top financial circles that Stassen is weakest. His liberal reputation is not responsible. Those people look at a man's record, not words for mass consumption. The general view is that Stassen is a "loner," a cold man with no philosophy at all, concerned only with furthering his personal ambitions. "Stassen will neither stand nor cut," one shrewd and high-placed observer said recently. "When the real GOP bosses pick a candidate they have to know he'll stand fast under orders. Or in desperate circumstances at least cut cards and live up to the result. Stassen will go ducking and weaving all over the place."

For the same general reasons Stassen has few friends on Capitol Hill. Bitter medicine has been Joe Ball's

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desertion to the mental nomination of Taft. Naturally, Taft and his friends resent the rough stuff in Ohio. And while Stassen once went into Nebraska to help beat the grand old man of liberalism, George W. Norris, he has never helped a liberal.

When former Representative Charles LaFollette of Indiana tried for the Senate, he got the brush-off from Stassen. Senator Wayne Morse has been saying through clenched teeth that Stassen is doing him dirt in Oregon.

Stassen's lowering of Willkie's banner after the shift of political wind toward the Old Guard is naturally disillusioning rank-and-file believers in his idealism. The unkind word "phony" is now often heard, especially among young people.

Even the press shows signs of reexamining its "forthright" and "idealistic" clichés. Arthur Krock has muttered of ties with steel money. Not long ago a New York *Times* reporter actually made a complete reversal when commenting on Taft's and Stassen's agricultural speeches in Nebraska. "Senator Taft was too forthright," he wrote. "Mr. Stassen said something the same thing. . . . But whereas Senator Taft was censured, Mr. Stassen drew applause. The difference was in the manner in which each had presented the subject."

The Wisconsin results proved that Stassen cannot be counted out of any race. He will fight hard and doubtless get rougher as the end nears. But the pattern is showing big cracks.

Failure to get the nomination for either President or Vice President—and most observers believe he will settle for second place—will leave Stassen's political future uncertain. Running for President cannot always be a full-time occupation. There will be time left after the convention to try to bump Joe Ball from the Senate. But Joe's forthright anti-labor record has endeared him to powerful men of finance. The Minnesota Old Guard would take pleasure in administering that spanking. Stassen is in some danger of becoming just another balding ex-prodigy.

GOTTWALD WASTES NO TIME

Six weeks after the "February Revolution," the Czech regime is purging schools, factories and voting lists; it expects to be re-elected

by Michel Gordey

PRAGUE (by airmail)

THE NEW Czechoslovak government, now six weeks old, has already clearly shown how it intends to shape the country's future.

Premier Klement Gottwald and the Czech Communist Party have moved with tremendous speed. Economic and social reforms have been passed by Parliament, and a draft of the new Constitution has been completed. At the same time, the political situation has been mastered, organized opposition has been crushed and the intellectual and cultural life of the country has been taken firmly in hand. Justice, police, education, information, entertainment, Parliament and the various political parties are controlled by the new regime.

For the elections scheduled for May 23, the support of labor and farm groups has been won through bills nationalizing plants and shops with more than 50 employees; and laws limiting land ownership to 50 hectares (123.5 acres).

Only a few months ago, most European Communists were disparaging in regard to their Czech comrades, criticizing their "bourgeois spirit" and their "bureaucratic softness." Now, by a peculiar mixture of iron-clad party discipline and popular support, Gottwald has achieved a position of power which his European party comrades will soon consider a model of efficiency.

Outwardly, in Prague at least, the picture has not changed since last December. On the streets are the same crowds of calm, disciplined, impassive, well-dressed and rather prosperous-looking citizens. People are not terrorized. There are no rumors of illegal arrests, and Communist Minister of Justice Dr. Alexej Cepicka told two visiting British Labor MP's that only 200 persons had been arrested since February. One can still see American and British movies, which attract much greater crowds than the Soviet films. Western papers, among them the London *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune,* are still obtainable if one knows the tricks. Twenty-eight Western dailies and weeklies have been banned and the others are hard to find, even though their sale is legal.

After a few days, however, one begins to notice the real change. For the non-Communists of Czechoslovakia, life is full of insecurity and surprises. The Action Committees, set up immediately after the February coup, are working hard to implement the "purge" proclaimed by the new government. These Action Committees, composed of Communists or of people known to be friendly and obedient to the Communist Party, are setting up lists of "former Nazi collaborators," "enemies of the Republic and of the people's democracy," "black-marketeers" and "saboteurs of the economic and social reforms."

The purge began February 25 and was to have been completed by the end of March. The Action Committees are carrying on their search for "enemies of the people" in plants, shops, offices, ministries, hotels, theaters, schools, universities and all political and non-political organizations, including the non-Communist parties and trade unions. When the finger is pointed at such a person he is not arrested (except in really serious cases), but he loses his job or his business.

During the first days of the purge the Communist Party leaders had to

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DRAWINGS BY STEFANELLI

remind too zealous partisans that no one was to be purged merely for membership in a political party. Also, "under no circumstances should personal accounts be settled under the disguise of the purge." Furthermore, in order not to hamper the Two-Year Plan, specialists and technicians were to be kept in their jobs. The decisions of the Action Committees will be subject to review, and Communist Party officials stress repeatedly that injustice and undue harm will be avoided. Most of the displaced or fired employees, they say, will be able to find new jobs.

Zdenek Fierlinger, Social Democrat Minister of Industry and probably the most important non-Communist member of the Gottwald government, told me that there was no question of sending the victims of the purge to mines, forest or farm work, as has been charged in the American press. "Everybody will have an opportunity to make good in his own specialty," said Fierlinger, clearly hinting at future policy changes after the present "purge fever" has subsided.

Fierlinger also told me that in his own Ministry "only" 19 of a total of 930 civil servants had been suspended, some of them for bribery or outright sabotage of nationalized factories. In the municipal administration of Prague, 1,000 out of 24,000 city employees have been put on the blacklist. The percentage of purged employees in other ministries has been about the same. It is impossible, for the time being, to ascertain the numbers purged in plants, shops, etc.

The Gottwald regime is carrying out wide "reforms" of justice, education and information. It is impossible yet to find out how many judges and court officials have been dismissed, but there must be a great many of them, since Communist Minister of Justice Cepicka has repeatedly stressed the great blunders, softness and sabotage of "reactionary justice."

The purge of Nazi collaborators will be revived by reborn People's Courts, whose personnel has the same political coloring as the Action Committees. Cepicka has charged that his "reactionary" predecessor in office, National Socialist Dr. Drtina (who failed in his attempt at suicide), had consistently protected black-marketeers and former pro-Germans. In Prague, however, it is rumored that Drtina incurred the special wrath of the Communist Party by uncovering arms stockpiles and exposing illegal activities by Gottwald followers.

Cepicka has announced that within two years the country will get a new Civil and Penal Code "better fitted to a people's democratic regime." A new law for the Defense of the Republic will give the government "sufficient means" to proceed against political opponents. Also, the legal profession, after undergoing the present general purge, will be firmly controlled by the new regime.

The government and Parliament have approved a new school bill unifying the Czechoslovak school system and making education not only accessible but compulsory. Communist Minister of Education Nejedly has stated that "our schools must have a political character." Purging has been going on in elementary and high schools, as well as universities. Charles University in Prague is believed to have lost at least 17 professors and its Rector. Minister Nejedly, while emphasizing that "nobody in this country intends to limit the universities' autonomy," added that "this autonomy does not mean freedom to agitate and to organize intrigues." It was among the college students that the great show of opposition to the Gottwald regime took place in February. Matters are expected to move fast in this "opposition sector."

The Czech press, once as free as that of any Western country, is now completely "synchronized." The newspapers which formerly belonged to the rightist National Socialist and Catholic People's Parties are still being published under the same mastheads, but their news and editorial contents are appallingly similar to *Rude Pravo* ("The Red Right"), official organ of the Czech Communist Party. The information given to the people is carefully selected, directed and undoubtedly censored at the source, even without an official censorship having been established.

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Thirty to forty newspapermen—including such prominent individuals as Leo Sychrava and Ferdinand Peroutka, who had violently attacked the Communists before last February—have been expelled from the Czech Newspaper Guild. *Rude Pravo* has been granted permission to print six pages daily, whereas the other newspapers are allowed four. The Communist organ's circulation has increased from 500,000 to one million copies, and is expected to rise even higher.

At the same time, the theaters, the movie and publishing industries and even literature are under close supervision. Theaters, film production and publishing houses are now 100-percent nationalized. Literature has been "purged" through the expulsion from the Czech and Slovak Writers' Union of at least 16 "well-known reactionaries and people's enemies."

Among the "disloyal elements" expelled from political parties by the Action Committees are such old and well-known Czech public figures as Hubert Ripka, Jan Sramek and Ivo Duchacek. New leaders, willing to follow the Communist cue, have taken over. In the government, a special Parliamentary Action Committee has expelled 10 Social-Democrats, 20 People's Party members, 34 National Socialists and about 30 Slovak Democrats. The expelled deputies have been partly replaced from within the "regenerated" parties.

At the local level, party organizations, except for the Communists and Fierlinger's Social Democrats, are in process of dissolution. Some of them have recommended that their members join the Communist Party, and numerous old non-Communist headquarters have simply closed down.

The Communists have set a goal of two million members to be reached before the May elections. In Prague alone, the Communist Party now boasts 305,000 members, out of a total population of roughly 900,000. In view of the weakness and apathy of the former anti-Communist parties, the Communists are expected to win the May elections by a comfortable margin.

As for the Social Democrats, Fierlinger emphatically says his party will remain independent and autonomous. However, it is expected that some kind of Socialist-Communist fusion will take place in Czechoslovakia, just as it did in Rumania, Hungary and Poland. Meanwhile, it will be worth watching the Social Democrat vote in May. By voting for Fierlinger, non-Communists would not openly vote against the Communists, but they could make a show of their remaining strength.

Communist Minister of Interior Vaclav Nosek announced on March 22 that new election regulations are being worked out. "The Nazi collaborators and all those who since 1945 have acted against the interests of the state will not be allowed to vote," said Nosek, who explained that Action Committees will also play a great part in the coming revision of voters' lists. As for the prospects of any opposition, Gottwald stated recently that: "A strong opposition cannot develop, because no opposition elements stand any chance of gaining the support of the people. Our people are well aware that the attempts of the opposition elements were and are directed against them." His statement speaks for itself.

During the three weeks I have been in Prague, I have observed no evidence of growing opposition. On the contrary, there seems to be a general tendency to jump on the bandwagon, together with a passive, tired acceptance of the new regime by the well-to-do. The Gottwald government has carried out its measures with all the outward forms of legality and even of parliamentary democratic procedure. By raising the workers' and civil servants' wages, by adopting a vast social-security system, further nationalization and land reform, it seems to have achieved great success, simultaneously smashing the opposition's hopes.

Whatever the causes of the February crisis—and the international situation was certainly its main cause—it seems clear that the conservative parties had badly overestimated their strength. Their Western advisers had given them vague assurances which could not be kept and which only speeded up the complete installation of Communist control.

As far as relations with the West are concerned, the new regime has stressed that it intends to keep up and develop trade relations with the United States, England and other Marshall Plan countries. Czech trade with Sweden and Switzerland is increasing. But the main effort is toward a growing coöperation with the Eastern countries, with special emphasis on relations with the USSR and Poland.

Here again Communist policy has been reinforced and even facilitated by the Anglo-American policy in Germany. The German danger is very much alive for every Czech, Communist or non-Communist. The Truman-Marshall policy of building up the German economy had discredited the Western orientation of Czech conservatives long before the "February Revolution."

If Washington's present German policy is continued, it will be easy for the Communists to persuade their people that the only bulwark against a resurgent Germany is greater coöperation with the East. Since the last war, the real dilemma for Czechoslovakia has been, not "West or East," but "Germany or Russia." After their experiences of 1938-45, the Czechs' present position is easy to understand.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE EYE OF THE OBSERVER

by Richard Watts Jr.

IT IS ANOTHER small but ugly symptom of the sensitive state of Russian-American relations that John Steinbeck's sympathetic account of his recent travels in the Soviet Union should be denounced so violently by Moscow commentators. *A Russian Journal* (Photographs by Robert Capa; Viking, $3.75) certainly is not rhapsodic about the USSR; some of its criticisms of the censorship, bureaucracy, inefficiency and the regimenting of writers are sharp and outspoken.

Steinbeck frankly prefers the unregulated confusion of American life to the austere and moralistic Russian planning. But he is a warm and friendly man, as well as a charming writer, and he loved the exuberance and vitality, the expansive hospitality and the hopeful dreams of the Russian people. His book is filled with genuine, if far from uncritical, affection for them and a complete belief in their essential goodwill and desire for peace.

In a world less filled with passions, his travel record would be liked in both the US and the USSR. As it is, he has already been justified in his melancholy foresight that "this journal will not be satisfactory either to the ecclesiastical Left, nor the lumpen Right. The first will say it is anti-Russian, and the second that it is pro-Russian. Surely it is superficial, and how could it be otherwise? We have no conclusions to draw, except that Russian people are like all other people in the world. Some bad ones there are surely, but by far the greater number are very good." It does not seem a sensational statement to make, but, in the current state of violent tempers, it could well be one.

The need for a greater understanding of the Russian people being what it is, it may not be the highest praise to say that the outstanding quality of *A Russian Journal* is its friendliness and its refusal to take itself too seriously. It happens, however, that these qualities arise, not from any triviality or determined jocularity on Steinbeck's part, but from a frank and cheerful admission of his limitations of opportunity and personal equipment.

He set down what he observed and no more, and he admitted his own shortcomings as a commentator. Steinbeck had been in Moscow only once before, for a few days in 1936—he notes that the physical improvements since then have been tremendous—and his traveling companion, the brilliant Robert Capa, who took the superb photographs which accompany the text, had never been in Russia at all. They did not speak the language, although Capa speaks almost every language in some form or other, and their visit was a brief one which took them only to Moscow, Stalingrad, the Ukraine and down into ideally beautiful Georgia.

They might have pretended to the omniscience which comes so easily to travelers in the Soviet Union, no matter how brief their sojourn. *A Russian Journal* is the more interesting as reading and the more valuable as a report because they did not. It is clearly of the first importance today to understand the Russians emotionally, to see them as human beings not very different from ourselves, and the Steinbeck book, in its modest way, makes a definite contribution to just that sort of understanding.

In setting down the reasons why *A Russian Journal* offers no startling inside revelations or new material, it should be stated immediately that Soviet guile and deception are not responsible. If there was anything Steinbeck and Capa failed to see, it was not because Kremlin agents were keeping it from them or were deceiving them by elaborate window-dressing.

Steinbeck found that the Russians are the worst propagandists in the world and the people the least skilled at the art of window-dressing. The travelers saw good things, friendly people and the hope of a peaceful future in the USSR, because they were there to be seen. It was the individual Soviet citizen, in Moscow, Stalingrad, Tiflis, Batum and the collective farms of the Ukraine who convinced them that the Russians "had a hatred of war, they wanted the same things all people want—good lives, increased comfort, security and peace."

Like all travelers in the USSR, Steinbeck and Capa found that they were happier outside of Moscow and in the Russian countryside. Moscow seemed to them a somber city, with a sense of strain about it and even the jokes were sharp and critical, with no warmth in them. In the Ukraine and in Georgia they found gayety and high spirits. They were least comfortable with the intellectuals, whom they found individually engaging, but as a

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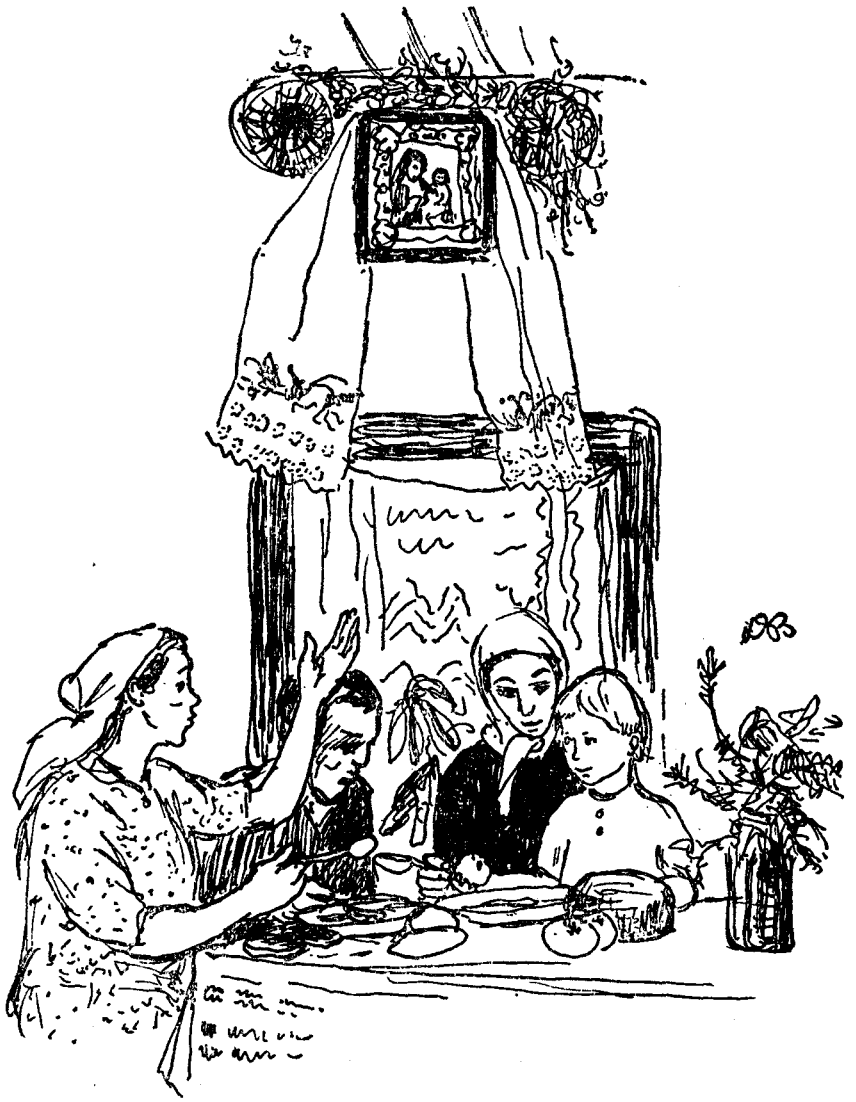

DRAWINGS BY DOROTHY BRONSON

group excessively earnest and intense.

The Russian literary man may be, as Stalin desired, the architect of the soul, and his contribution to the task of building the new Soviet society has been a tremendous one; but it was made at the sacrifice of his racial high spirits and his creative independence. Steinbeck did not like the extreme artistic conservatism which caused the abstractionists and experimenters to be regarded with disdain and moved their girl interpreter in Moscow to say that Picasso "nauseated her." The author found a prevailing puritanism, which made him at times almost suspect that the Russians, despite cheering evidence to the contrary, were becoming a "stuffy, non-alcoholic, non-lecherous people." Nor was he happy about the virtual worship of Stalin that he found everywhere.

As such comments suggest, *A Russian Journal* does not flatter the Soviet Union and its people. The important thing is that the criticisms are made without the captious and snarling scorn characteristic of books on Russia by hostile observers. If Steinbeck sees great flaws in the Soviet picture, it is not in contrast to an ideal and dreamy US, which never existed, but against the reasonable background of the suffering, the struggles and the triumphs of a great, once backward, essentially friendly people, who have made amazing progress against vast odds in a brief period of history. And even in the short time they stayed in the USSR, they noted signs of physical progress in the achievement of a better life for a land that had suffered to an unparalleled degree from the ravages of war.

PASSPORTS TO INDIA

SON OF THE MOON, by Joseph George Hitrec (Harper and Brothers; $3).
THE PREVALENCE OF WITCHES, by Aubrey Menen (Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.75).

DURING THE PAST SEVEN YEARS we have had an uneven splatter of books about India, most of which served some useful purpose in better acquainting us with one of the most interesting and enigmatic countries of the world. In the case of a people conditioned by the romanticism, the colonial-minded patronizing of Kipling and the shrill, club-woman hysteria of Katherine Mayo, a people who tend to snicker at the (to us) deshabille of the late Mahatma and who have made "mystic" a scornful epithet, such clarifications are both necessary and difficult.

Understand that I am recalling books as I write, and am not attempting any sort of accurate bibliography. But among them there comes readily to mind Christine Weston's fine novel, *Indigo,* which was not only illuminating but indigenous, and was admiringly, if somewhat inaccurately, compared to E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India.* K. J. Shridharani's *My India, My America,* an effort at a cultural translation, did not, in my opinion, particularly succeed because of oversimplification; and its earnestness was both a fault and a virtue. Three years ago Penderel Moon, an Englishman, wrote *Strangers in India,* an excellent, lucid little book which failed to receive the attention it deserved. It was preceded by *Verdict on India,* by Beverly Nichols, a lorgnette view which received far more attention than it deserved, including publication. I do not know how widely Jawaharlal Nehru's *Toward Freedom* and *The Discovery of India* have been distributed in this country, but I am sadly certain that their sale has been poor in relation to their importance.

Two years ago a young man named Joseph George Hitrec published a collection of short stories called *Rulers' Morning.* This he now follows with a first novel, *Son of the Moon,* which

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has just been awarded the 1948 Harper Prize of $10,000. Since my attitude toward publishers' giving prizes to books appearing under their own imprint is perhaps prejudiced, and certainly irrelevant here, I shall say only that it is my practice to remove the jackets from such books before reading them, lest my responses unconsciously reflect the color of gold.

Hitrec is a Yugoslavian who, in 1932, at the age of twenty, went to India for a vacation. He remained there until 1946, and then came to this country. In thirteen years he collected an impressive amount of information about India and the Indian people, most of which, I fear, he has tried to put into this book. Glenway Westcott, one of the judges of the contest and an old Harper Prize-winner himself, says of *Son of the Moon*: "Hitrec has a very decided, single minded and important purpose in this novel, which is to give us knowledge of India. . . ." That is saying in another way what I have just said. It is why *Son of the Moon* is a better book about India than it is a novel about people.

Vijay Ramsingh, a young Hindu of the aristocratic, warrior Rajput caste, has acquired a strongly Western point of view after making a first, much publicized solo flight from India to England, where he remained for two years. The book begins with his return to his family in Bombay in 1936, half a stranger in dress and speech, wholly changeling in his un-Indian attitudes. When he attempts to proselytize his family, he is met with loving, static, stubbornness. When he tries to interest his caste in modern, commercial aviation, he is frustrated and embittered by their bland indifference.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, his rebellions are softened and absorbed. Even his last determination to resist an arranged marriage is broken when, thanks to Fate and the author, he falls in love with the young girl whom his parents had chosen for him. At the book's end, Vijay enunciates his acceptance of the path of compromise: "Varma was right when he said that I must go back a little so others can go forward and meet me. It all fits in now. If I had run too far, I would have lost them, or they would have lost me. . . ."

Hitrec has bypassed few aspects of modern Indian life in *Son of the Moon*. Through the device of Vijay's apostasy, we encounter all the religious and political forces, the customs, sights, sounds, flora and fauna that comprise a complex and variegated land. His *dramatis personae* include Hindus, Moslems, mystics, patriots, Eurasians—all the various population elements which India holds in an uneasy emulsion. I could wish, however, that these arose more naturally out of the story, instead of making me feel that they were an end in themselves, and that Vijay Ramsingh was more the hero of a novel and less a cicerone showing the reader about on a guided tour.

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This approach serves a purpose, but Hitrec has tried to make it serve two. The wedding scene, for example, in which the author indulges his passion for detailed reporting, is a mine of information for anyone planning a Rajput wedding, but the bride and groom almost walk out on the story. When Westcott writes that Vijay and Chandra "might be Romeo and Juliet," I can let it pass with a shrug and a maybe, but when he follows with "or it might be 'Our Town'," I wonder whether he remembers the stage on which that play was performed.

This review includes *The Prevalence of Witches*, by Aubrey Menen, more to vary the menu than for any reason of relevance: this novel is about India in the same way that "The Mikado" is about Japan. Menen is half-Indian and half-Irish, but *The Prevalence of Witches* is considerably more Shavian than Indian. It offers some of the most adroit and exhilarating, not to say adrenaline, satirical writing since Shaw, and I know that is high praise.

Aubrey Menen has selected a section of the United Provinces which he chooses to call Limbo, a territory only slightly tarnished by civilization. "I had come to Limbo because I had always wanted to possess a country of my own. I did not want a large country that would be bound to get me into trouble with other large countries, but one quite small, and preferably round."

Having setled this matter of geography to everyone's satisfaction, Menen introduces three brilliant, highly educated Englishmen, an American missionary who believes in witches and his own fallibility, a bogus and ingratiating Swami, and a Hindu judge who has embraced materialism. This stimulating group set their quicksilver minds to the contemplation of various thistly matters, and one pressing problem in particular: the question of the actual guilt and possible moral innocence of a Limbodian citizen who has liquidated a local witch.

Because no satire worth its cauter-

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izing salt should be subjected to the indignity of recapitulation, I shall not enlarge upon this appetizing situation. Let me say, however, that if Aubrey Menen's geography is vague, his brilliance is sharply defined upon almost every page of his provocative book; that his dialogue is urbane, stinging and laced with humor. One of the pleasantest things one could note, from now on, would be a great prevalence of *The Prevalence of Witches.*

JOHN WOODBURN

NO GREATER LOVES

FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY, by Christopher Sykes (William Sloane Associates; $3).

THERE ARE REALLY two books in *Four Studies in Loyalty,* and one of them is excellent. Each of the studies is designed to show how adherence to a particular loyalty shaped separate lives, but only in the first two is the design effective, and in these the loyalty is to an illusion, fiercely persisted in, which nevertheless rewards its devotees with a peculiar crooked dignity.

The author's great-uncle of the same name was "the heaviest of the heavy swells" in London society of the 1850's. He owed his position to his "exquisite sense of fashionable values for which he was so justly admired"; he was compelled to it by "mature chronic snobbism . . . the unrepentable sin." He met his fate in the person of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales and high priest of "the insane proceedings of society." Later, Henry James was to call him "fat, vulgar, dreadful Edward," but the snob is partially blind, and to the elder Christopher Sykes "the Prince was an object of unstinted veneration . . . was Charlemagne and he one of the paladins surrounding him."

He became a member of the royal circle; he became "dear old Christopher"; his was the ancient honor of being invited to ruin himself in the service of his Prince—that is, to go bankrupt entertaining him. "The pleasures of snobbism," says Christopher's nephew and historian, "depend in part on a continuance of that stimulating nervousness which accompanies first footsteps in the brilliant mocking world." These pleasures Christopher experienced to the full in that "fatal game, first of competitive, then of commanded entertainment." From the honored host, he became a domestic servant of his lord, providing, on a few hours' notice, enormous dinners for the Prince and a throng of "the new raucous offspring of Mammon," sportsmen, actresses and "strange, wild millionaires," for which Edward had such an insatiable taste.

But this was not enough; "the note of horror" was wanting to complete the sacrifice. On the occasion of a public dinner, the Prince was moved by one of his "hideous outbursts of high spirits" to empty a glass of brandy over Christopher's head. The joke was a success; the sycophants roared; Christopher merely bowed and murmured the refrain of his career: "As Your Royal Highness pleases." Thus Edward discovered "the greatest comic act of his time: to heap farce and buffoonery on the Antonine figure of his friend." For the rest of his life, Christopher was the butt of this "comedy which pursued him like a harpy." When he died, the Prince erected a tablet over the door of a royal chapel to commemorate their friendship.

The companion piece to this tour de force is the study of Bahram Kirmani, a Persian, whose loyalty was as intense as Christopher's, and even more fantastic. He was a heroic Anglophile, but the object of his passionate veneration was his "alma mater," Balliol College, Oxford. This was a grotesque attachment, for while he probably paid a short visit to England as a young man, he was educated in Russia, and was certainly no friend of Frank Harris or Mrs. Langtry, nor did he ever teach Marie Corelli to smoke opium in an Edinburgh hotel. "As a document of human adventure," his life story "was marred by only one fault: that hardly one word of it was true."

But in this illusion was his greatness. During the war, the German Press Attaché in Teheran hoped to gain the aid of this famous Anglophile in the work of propaganda against the British. At this time Bahram had sunk to poverty; the Germans offered him, by comparison, wealth and luxury. "He recognized this occasion as sublime. . . . At the supreme moment of his life Bahram stood up and uttered these words: 'I am surprised that you are so foolish as to make such a suggestion to a Balliol man'."

The other two studies are in an entirely different vein. One is a sketch of a French village during the Occupation. The loyalty of the villagers was to the Resistance, to France, and the present essay is "in token of gratitude."

The other is a memoir of a brilliant young friend who died in the war, whose "capacity for loyalty was in a sense too wide . . . he extended it to an unsuitable object: his age, his generation." The story of his life as scholar and traveler is always interesting, but the failure of the study as a whole is contained in the author's admission that "certain facts and deeds are so made up in themselves of poetry that they become untranslatable." Untranslatable, one might guess, because their poetry is personal to the author, who refers to his subject and friend as an "adorable companion" and a "matchless creature," remembered "with tears." These are appropriate terms of eulogy, but the most we can do, who cannot share the tears, is look away.

In these last two studies, therefore, the author is imposed upon by his subjects. He is constrained in the one case by public sentiment, in the other by private emotions. But in the first two studies he is detached from his subject: he warms to them as an artist; his wit is released; his prose derives a life from the figures of Christopher and Bahram; he grasps them imaginatively as a whole. Loyalty, in those characters, is a grotesque determinant of the personality, like a "humor" of classical comedy; in the persons of the other studies it is a sacred virtue.

JOHN FARRELLY

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RADIO: Inside the FCC

IF RADIO could only overcome its shyness about dramatizing its own inside story, there would be a first-rate personality serial ready to hand in the present membership of the Federal Communications Commission. We could call the yarn "Let's Pretend" (first clearing with CBS, which has a popular juvenile by that name), for the story idea would spring from the fiction that broadcasters detest the FCC. In reality they could no more live without it than without their hordes of vice-presidents. Both fulfill a double function: they are whipping boys and watchdogs.

We would start our series with the chairman, Wayne Coy, who has been in the job, by appointment of President Truman, only since January. He is a serious man of 45 who came up the New Deal way. From small-town reporter in Indiana he went to the state welfare administration; directed non-shovel-leaning operations on the WPA; served a hitch as administrative assistant to the High Commissioner in the Philippines; became one of FDR's men with a passion for anonymity as a special assistant to the President; knocked about in the management of the Washington *Post;* ran that newspaper's radio station WINX. The mystery of Coy's appointment should all by itself be good for at least 13 weeks on our serial.

No such problem would be offered by the vice-chairman, Paul A. Walker of Oklahoma. For the television version of our show, we might dress Walker in a Charles Evans Hughes beard. He is a Hughes type of man—a learned, conservative, dependable lawyer from whom you would expect fairness but also meticulous attention to the letter of the law. His practice had been largely in the field of corporation law.

Commissioner Rosel H. Hyde provides the sure-fire Horatio Alger angle. He started with the FCC as a file clerk, studied law, became the Commission's general counsel. His appointment by Truman two years ago was a safe choice.

The remaining four principals of our cast would be paired. On the one hand we have two engineers, George E. Sterling and E. M. Webster. They are excellent technicians, and I think that, given the proper leadership, they could be trustworthy policy-makers. That's where our second pair comes in. Who, in addition to Coy, would help furnish that leadership? Robert F. Jones or Clifford J. Durr?

I saw Jones at the recent "Mayflower" hearings in Washington, but it would be an exaggeration to say that what I saw was action. He just sat. For a whole week he sat. He smiled, too. The smile never left his face. He is a round-faced, pleasant-looking man who gives you the feeling that questioning isn't necessary. That smile of his is not enigmatic; it isn't cocky either.

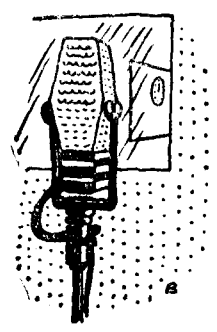
Just the same, when you watch him you know that all the talk-talk and the questioning by his fellow commissioners mean nothing to Jones. He will have other considerations when it comes to voting. Jones was in Congress before he came to the Commission last September. He is a Republican. And those are the factors that, with him, count most.

Roosevelt brought Durr to the FCC in 1941, and his term is up this year on June 30. Durr had been around Washington since the early Roosevelt days, coming up from Alabama in 1933 to work in the legal department of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He was a director of the Commodity Credit Corporation, then director of the Defense Plant Corporation. These practical government chores followed ten years of law practice in Montgomery. Everything about him, including his accent, is Alabamian. Only his law degree is foreign. That came from Oxford, where he studied as a Rhodes scholar.

Unlike Coy, Durr has a record of FCC activity. You have heard of the "Blue Book," which the Commission issued two years ago, rapping broadcasters for excessive commercialization. That was largely Durr's work, and the Commission adopted it unanimously. That says something about Durr's persuasiveness. Like Jones, he smiles. But his smile is shown in battle, not in silence. Many of his fights have ended in minority opinions; but his dissents have always been respected for their soundness even by the broadcasters and their counsel, who have profited most from the majority decisions.

It is Durr who has been most insistent upon keeping combines like Victor Emanuel's Aviation Corporation from gaining too great ascendancy in American broadcasting. Thus far, AVCO has won, and has been spreading out since it bought WLW in Cincinnati and WINS in New York over Durr's protests. But Durr put on the books what is called the AVCO rule. Under that rule, a radio-station owner about to sell his outlet must advertise for bids instead of concluding a private deal. That at least gives the public a chance.

Durr led the fight against further encroachment upon radio by the big newspaper publishers; against turning more and more program control over to advertising agencies that buy blocks of time on radio stations; against favoring the big owners of AM (standard) broadcasting facilities at the expense of the new people in FM radio; for FM as radio's big "second chance"; for reservation of at least a few FM channels for veterans who were still



BRUNO

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in the service when the Commission started handing out licenses by the bucketful right after V-E Day.

Durr could really be the star of our radio program because the broadcasters cannot possibly hate him. They may not love him; they may fear him. But they know they can rely on his honesty whenever the righteous shoe happens to fit their foot.

That's one reason why so many broadcasters are now plugging for Durr's reappointment to the FCC. Of coure they are plugging quietly. After all, they don't like being publicly in the same corner with all the others who are for Durr—labor, from extreme Right to farthest Left; educational and religious broadcasters; organized broadcasting employees, from engineers to actors; hundreds of professors and thousands of students in college radio and communications courses; such listener councils as exist around the country; the majority of leading magazine and newspaper radio editors and critics.

I have heard that ex-Secretary of War Patterson would endorse Durr, and also Secretary of the Treasury Snyder—both respect his legal craftsmanship from earlier association in governmental work. I believe that the only present member of the FCC who would really oppose Durr's renomination actively, if quietly, would be Jones. He would be in company with J. Edgar Hoover and the members of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who have reason to dislike Durr since he rapped their hit-and-run tactics in the nice work of thought-control.

But whether Durr will serve on the FCC again is dependent upon these steps: (1) President Truman must appoint him; (2) the Senate must confirm the nomination; (3) Durr must be willing to serve another term. None of the three has yet said yes with any conviction. Until they do, we can at least pretend that we still have sense enough left to keep a man like Durr where he belongs—on the FCC—for another session of seven years.

SAUL CARSON

MUSIC: Small Packages

ALMOST THE BEST small jazz band I've ever heard is a group led by Tony Parenti. Its efforts are chiefly devoted to the preservation of ragtime music, and I hope that some night-club owner in New York or elsewhere will feel that the band's style is sufficiently unusual to pull in the customers. It would certainly get my trade, if that's any recommendation.

At the moment, the best (and only) way to hear the Parenti band is in an album put out by Circle Records (13 East Third Street, New York 3). If you've heard New Orleans jazz in the strictly Dixieland vein, you haven't necessarily heard New Orleans jazz as played by Parenti, for while it has all the spontaneity characteristic of Dixieland, there's much more arrangement in it. To that extent, the music retains a great deal of the band-concert kind of formality that is seldom, if ever, played today.

Listening to Parenti's clarinet and band, I get the feeling of being thrown back a generation or so. His music is full of old-time breaks and phrases associated with a style that was only partly jazz in the purest sense. The combination of parade and honky-tonk is sometimes funny (though you laugh with it and not at it), but it's always warm and effective whether you look at it from the standpoint of beat, composition or improvisation.

This album is my favorite in a group of pure-jazz packages currently being offered by Circle. Aside from reissues of old masters by the big companies, these are the most important jazz records released during the past year.

They cover a reasonably wide variety of jazz styles, including rent-party blues-shouting by Chippie Hill (she solos on one album and shares another with pianist-blues singer Hociel Thomas and with Montana Taylor, an exponent of the most rugged kind of boogie-woogie). Wild Bill Davison is at his best on some fine ballads; and there are assorted numbers from Circle boss Rudi Blesh's recent Mutual show, "This Is Jazz," in which a gang from Blesh's stable do things that are generally considered too indelicate for the airwaves. If you send for any of these albums, I'd suggest that you ask for them by name, for some aren't numbered at all.

I might wind up by saying that after some of the mail I've received since writing the Kenton piece (in calling me a dirty reactionary, two readers have suggested a comparison with Herbert Hoover), I hesitate to become enthusiastic about anything not representative of the wonderful age in which we live. But if my liking for the kind of music that Circle puts out betrays a taste that wanders back to an age when I was very young (and in some cases not even born), I'm stuck with it. It's what we call my red wagon.

Notes. Two exceptional show-tune albums are currently on the market. The first includes selections from "Inside USA," the forthcoming Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz musical, and features Buddy Clark and Pearl Bailey. Some of these songs you've already heard, but I think that you'll find few interpretations as pleasing. Miss Bailey does a particularly good job with "Blue Grass" and "Protect Me," proving that she's more than a novelty singer (Columbia C-162). The other album presents tunes from a movie—M-G-M's "The Pirate." They're show tunes to me because they were written by Cole Porter, and because they're handled with Broadway dignity and finesse by Judy Garland and Gene Kelly. In addition to the tunes, one record features the music for the show's ballet number, one of the most impressive compositions ever to grace a sound track (M-G-M 21).

CHARLES MILLER

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Modest Proposal

SIR: In the March 15 *New Republic* there is an article by Barbara Wootton ["War?—We'd Rather Starve"], who is eulogized as "one of Britain's outstanding economists."

But as an engineer, I find that Madame Wootton, and yourself, and nearly all our leading journalists, continually overlook the most vital factor controlling "human economics," and that is "population density." Migration alone will not regulate it; it only repeats the problem elsewhere. . . .

As an exploration engineer with more than 50 years' experience, and as a geologist, I state emphatically that the "free breeding" of population, coupled with the reckless exploitation of our limited natural reserves, is not "economics," but blind madness.

England's population, by migration and birth control, should be reduced to about six to eight million. Then they could be fed out of the country's own resources, and the dwindling coal reserves conserved for local heat and power, aided by a reforestation plan and the careful development of every possible natural source of power.

The same plan should be proposed for all of Europe, until nowhere was the density allowed to exceed 40 to 50 per square mile.

One major incentive of war would then be removed.

Sausalito, Calif. JOHN M. NICOL

Honest Opinion

SIR: Public opinion determines "the course of the nation." A poisoned public opinion may destroy our nation. Public opinion is overwhelmingly formed by mass-communication agencies which are not free agents of public service. These agencies (press, radio, films) are private business enterprises, subject to money and profit motives, often in deep conflict with public welfare. . . . A free, intelligent people in urgent need to understand and to decide on momentous, complex issues in this atomic era cannot, *must not*, depend for its enlightenment and guidance on agencies which are overwhelmingly identified with class interests deeply rooted in the status quo. What can be done? Self-regulation is hopeless. Government control is futile and inacceptable.

In a 104-page booklet, "A Plan for a Democratic Public Opinion," I have analyzed the above problem and outlined a possible solution. My proposal consists in the creation of an autonomous people's agency ("People's Councils on Research and Information") independent both from the government and business. The councils would represent a huge coöperative of social scientists and delegates of people's (non-profit) organizations on a national and community level.

Basic principles; federal subsidies, without strings; equal chance for all; social ideas; free, scientific analysis of and mass information on facts and issues; establishment of an independent people's system of mass communications; no interference with private media.

The "People's Councils" would represent a new, powerful, genuinely democratic instrument of, for, by the people, to enable the people to exert an effective control of government for the welfare of all.

Falls Church, Va. JOSEPH FACCI

Model Prison

SIR: In the March 29 issue of the *New Republic* I read a most interesting article, entitled "Success Begins in Prison."

I would be remiss if I did not tell you that I feel any favorable publicity of this type . . . should be helpful to both the girls and women at Clinton Farms and to Miss Edna Mahan, the superintendent, who has worked diligently and wholeheartedly for the interest and welfare of those under her supervision. . . .

At one time I was employed in the sheriff's office of Cape May County, and now work out of the prosecutor's office, both in Juvenile Delinquency and Domestic Relations. I know that too much stress cannot be put upon the kindly and understanding attitude of Miss Mahan and the matrons. . . .

There has been some criticism recently about the privileges the girls have, and the number of "runaways," and Judge Lance and Prosecutor Heisel have made an issue of it. . . . I feel that your article was most opportune. . . . It is both inspirational and educational to visit this well-managed and rightly named "model reformatory." Every word in the article written by Mary Smart and Jane Whitbread I believe to be true. . . .

FLORENCE M. JOSEPH
Executive Secretary,
County Health Department
Cape May Court House, N. J.

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MOVIES: The Old Story

A WORK of terrible sabotage has been done on Warner Brothers' "Winter Meeting," and a film that could have been engrossing and maturely moving is brought to such a level of awkward gesture and embarrassing emotion that you welcome the theater darkness.

The defection was probably widespread, but if I were conducting an investigation I'd begin with the dialogue writers. Rarely have actors been required to mouth words so flat, so out of character, so burdened with suppressed bathos. It is the kind of dialogue that tempts the audience to get into the act, to wit:

He: That chair means something very special to you.
She: How could you possibly know?
Audience: Well, you've been shying at it like a colt ever since you came into the room.

This precise exchange may not appear in the script, but it is of the spirit.

The worst of it is that some good work has gone into "Winter Meeting," particularly in the characterizations accomplished in the early passages by Bette Davis and John Hoyt. Miss Davis plays a woman approaching the extreme limit of her girlhood. She has money, intelligence, taste, friends; she has no love and the strain shows around her eyes, in the set of her mouth, in the suggestion—still faint—of a rapacity about her hands. The tension she conveys is arresting and it promises well for the coming conflict.

John Hoyt is a successful broker and popular extra man who gives himself away by an attitude of waspish conceit and an addiction in conversation to such words as "dreadful," "grisly," "devastating" and "my dear." He is none the less a person of some stature, and it is the first time to my knowledge that a homosexual has been presented on the screen as anything but a figure of scornful fun.

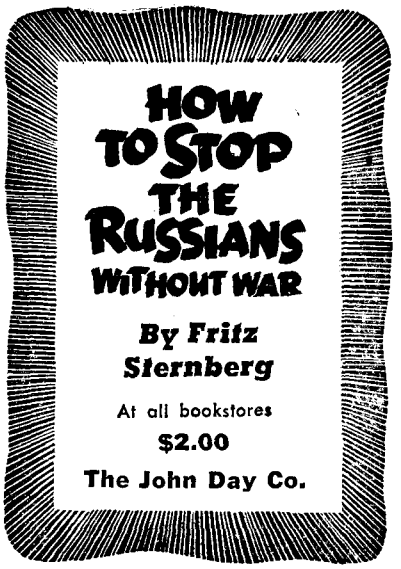
The girl falls in love with a returned naval hero and finds great sorrow in the experience. The Critic's Oath prevents me from revealing the nature of this tragedy, but it is a legitimate situation. Nevertheless it cannot be accepted, and you escape from it into laughter, because James Davis as the lieutenant does not convince you of his problem and because the whole film falls into blatant cliché and a travesty of sentiment as soon as the conflict meshes. The principals pop popcorn, the principals go sleighriding, the principals blurt out their secrets into each other's laps; the audience squirms.

It strikes me that the Warner boys, having involved some grown-ups in a thoroughly painful situation, were scared by the emotions they were invoking, and dragged the whole affair back to the nursery. "Winter Meeting" is Bretaigne Windust's first picture-directing job in a spectacular theatrical career, so it is no more than charitable to assume that he wasn't given an entirely free hand.

There is no reason why anyone in need of a good refreshing cry should be abashed at being caught emerging from "I Remember Mama." The film, a tender—you might say tenderized—reminiscence of Norwegian family life in San Francisco a generation ago, is a competent dishing up of the happy-childhood recipe. Irene Dunne is briskly maternal, Oscar Homolka is a lovable bear, and the stars in Barbara Bel Geddes' eyes shine undimmed by weeping. The picture, and the play before it, were taken from *Mama's Bank Account,* by Kathryn Forbes, and it's pleasant to know she got such a good start in life.

I wonder when the movies will get around to the formative years of James T. Farrell.

Twentieth Century-Fox thinks mules are smarter than people and has made a film—in Technicolor—to prove it. The producers put up a good



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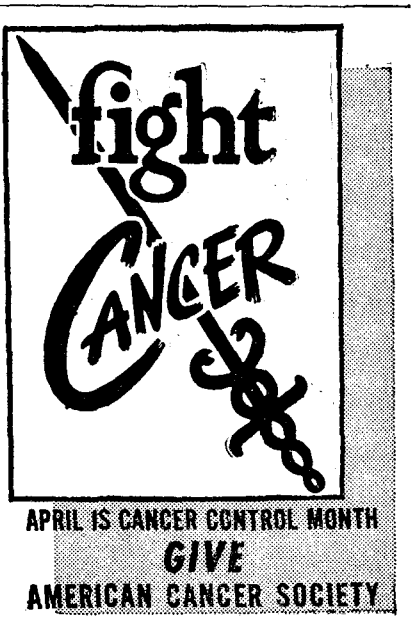

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case, but I thought they cheated a bit by matching their human actors against what any fool can see is a team of abnormally intelligent animals. This picture is "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!," a title you may find difficult to pronounce without blushing. It turns out to be just plain mule talk for gee and haw.

The story's gripping suspense is produced by the grave doubt that a lad who has looked deep into the eyes of Moonbeam and Crowder, and snugged a bridle around their long, proud ears, can ever fall in love with June Haver. But Lon McAllister has a heart as big as a harvest moon and there's plenty of room in it for a pretty little tousle-head.

Every government encouragement should be given to the wide foreign distribution of "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!"—especially to those nations of Eastern Europe where it is still widely held that only Stalin is smarter than people. ROBERT HATCH

THEATER: Trouble with Shakespeare

WHEN RUSSELL COLLINS as the Porter in the new production of "Macbeth" spoke his ribald lines about the effects of drink, a lady seated behind me asked, "Did Shakespeare really say that?" The question was more than a tribute to Collins' amusing performance; it was a symptom. Shakespeare on our stage may be many things, but he is rarely a playwright who is permitted to speak directly to us.

Listen to a discussion of almost any Shakespeare production and you will note that practically all the talk relates to some professional aspect of the occasion, very little to the play itself in its emotional bearing on the talkers. The scene changes were accomplished smoothly and swiftly—the performance had a good pace—someone will say, forgetting that in Shakespeare's time the changes were accomplished even more swiftly, since there was no scenery. This or that actor or actress was better than someone else who did the play several seasons ago. The style of one production is preferred to that of another because one was done in the costumes of the eleventh century—the actual historical period of the play—rather than in those of the sixteenth century. The dueling was more convincingly managed in one production than in another. And so on.

This may serve as theater chitchat; it has little to do with either the artistic or entertainment values of a playwright. Most of Shakespeare's plays as we see them hardly function as plays at all, because—for one thing—in most instances we barely hear the dialogue. (Maurice Evans is pleasurably audible; this alone makes him our leading Shakespearean actor today.) I reread "Macbeth" a day before I saw the production at the National Theater. I sat in the eleventh row—my hearing is normal—and I missed half the lines.

But it is not this "Macbeth" that is in question here. See it if you like, enjoy it if you can—it is not without its good points and its sympathetic performances. What I should like to stress here is that our whole approach to Shakespeare on the American stage has degenerated into something so remote from the goal of true theater that most productions have become artistically less nourishing than our good musicals. The Mack Sennett ballet in "High Button Shoes," for instance, is a completely realized conception, whereas most of the stage interpretations of Shakespeare strike me as empty show, depending for their effect on our reading and the aura of some actor's real or advertised personality.

In the present "Macbeth" some attempt has been made to give the play a wild, shaggy, barbaric aspect. This is all to the good: our usual Shakespeare is much too schoolmarmish. But all that comes of this promising idea is Michael Redgrave's rough costume, his unkempt wig, his wild eye, twitching

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mouth and his occasionally explosive readings. Redgrave—who is often a sensitive and attractive actor—suggests that Macbeth is obsessed, but the basic problem of showing that this obsession has taken hold of a man of great human stature has not even been worked on. The result amounts to a fitful hysteria.

The fault is not essentially Redgrave's. It derives from the fact that nothing has been thought through, nothing given a real theatrical embodiment. The style chosen for a production cannot simply be applied to one character alone: it must include all. The rest of the cast has not been incorporated into the pattern of the production's ostensible plan: it is treated as conventionally as that of any other Shakespearean show. The backgrounds are sometimes romantically effective without always being relevant to what the production is supposedly aiming to achieve. But effective or not, the treatment of such crucial elements of the play as the three witches reduces everything to the high-school level.

My quarrel, however, is not with this or that detail. I am simply using this occasion to point out that Shakespeare is an extremely difficult playwright for any theater today, and particularly for our commercial theater. To take up the challenge of producing one of his plays we ought to be inspired with the sense of the play as something through which we may directly address our audience on a living theme, and we should be equipped with the craftsmanship to shape the play to the meaning we find in it.

Since conditions for the preparation of this kind of production are rare, it is little wonder that our stage Shakespeare is so often what it is—elaborately and expensively amateurish, pretentious and foolish. A propagandist for a true Theater might suggest a suspension of all Shakespeare till the time when such conditions do prevail. Our hunger and disgrace would then serve as a horrible example of the state of our theater. We should also be spared many an embarrassing evening.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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The injured policemen were Lieutenant Reuther, who hurt his right knee, and Detective James A. Brady, a plainclothes man, who apparently was mistaken for a picket by other policemen. Detective Brady was hit several times by nightsticks, and had six stitches taken in his forehead at Beekman Hospital. – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

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He [Monsignor Sheen] is confident that if Western civilization and the Soviet Union come to blows, the resulting disaster will clear the world of its materialistic bias and pave the way for a religious revival along orthodox lines. – *From the New York* World-Telegram.

Pinpoint Relief

He [Truman] said there are a great many liberals in China, people who were educated in the United States, the intelligentsia of China. Those, he said, are the people we are interested in primarily. – *Jack Werkley in the New York* Herald Tribune.

The Canny Warrior

By basing his availability on his sense of duty . . . he [MacArthur] has allowed himself a chance to withdraw before the Republican convention opens—if the possibility of success dims, or if the campaign threatens to become too rough. – *From the Albany, Georgia,* Herald.

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